

THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

Number 52—March 13, 1920

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Three-halfpence—Every Friday

Have You Seen  
My Magazine?

## 5000 SHILLINGS FOR STARVING CHILDREN

### BOY SCOUTS WHO DIED FOR GREECE THE HEROES OF AIDIN

Theirs not to reason why  
Theirs but to do and die  
MOVING TRAGEDY OF THE WAR

A letter in the Westminster Gazette not long ago, from Mr. A. P. Tully, A.I.A., spoke coldly of the "absurd canard" of the murder of the Greek Boy Scouts of Aidin.

Will it be believed that, behind this contemptuous language of Mr. A. P. Tully, A.I.A., is one of the most moving tragedies of all the Great War? The story was not invented, as this gentleman suggests. It is the denial which is invented.

We gave the facts at the time these brave Boy Scouts were done to death, and, as an Englishman has now belittled these boys who died for him, we put them on record again.

The Scouts were a little company at Aidin, in Asia Minor, and their Scout-master was a man beloved by all who knew him, and worshipped by his boys.

When Aidin was attacked by Turks, the Greek troops were compelled to leave, and after they had gone there were such scenes in Aidin as no pen can describe. It was Turkish vengeance and Turkish massacre as black as anything to be found in history.

#### The Facts

We have the facts from an indisputable authority, Mr. W. A. Lloyd, an Australian journalist who was on the spot, and this is what he says:

"The horror of Aidin will haunt me all the rest of my life. The dead were lying everywhere, men, women, and little children, and the whole of the Greek quarter of the city was in ruins. When the Greek troops evacuated Aidin the population was about 50,000; on their re-entry there were 5000 left.

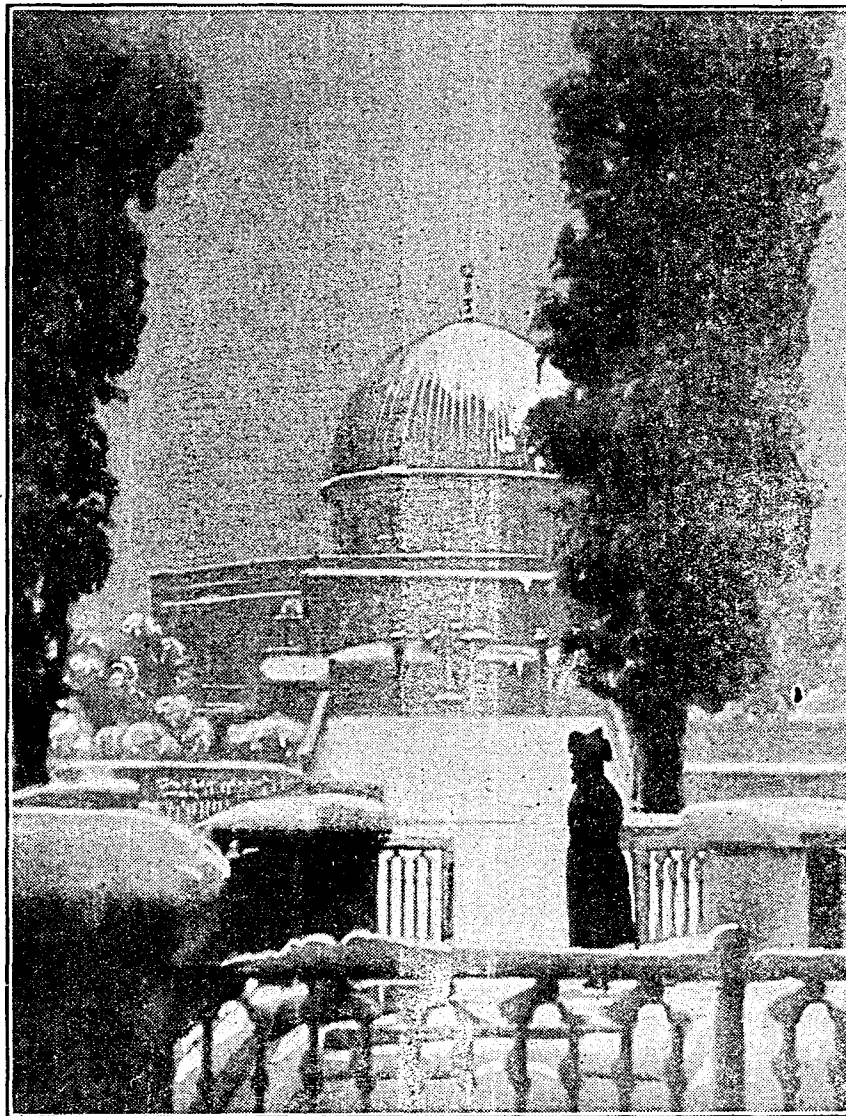
"A little over a third of the population consisted of Turks, the others were Greeks, Armenians, and Jews. Owing to the Greek occupation, the rage of the Turks in this instance was directed solely against the Greeks, the Armenians and Jews being unmolested. To describe the mutilations is impossible outside the columns of a medical journal. The Young Turk is only the old Turk under a new name. If anything, he is a little more so.

#### The Dying Patriots

"For the first few days I had little time to gather information, every available hand being required to gather for burial the bodies of those brutally done to death for no other crime than that of being Christian and helpless.

"It was at Aidin I first heard the story of the Boy Scouts, and my information came from numerous eye-witnesses, and not from the Greek authorities. The manner in which these brave lads met their death, with tears streaming down their faces, trying to sing the Greek National Hymn as they were being butchered, is an epic worthy of the heroic days of Greece."

### The White Mantle Falls Over Jerusalem



Jerusalem has just passed through the severest winter for nearly a century. Here we see the snow-clad Mosque of Omar, with an Indian sentry standing in the foreground. See page nine

That is the story, described by a man who knows, which a man who does not know dismisses as an "absurd invention," and we put the facts on record once again as an act of justice to these Greek Boy Scouts. They had the chance to leave this awful place and save their lives, but they stood with the man they loved, preferring rather to do their duty and die than to run away and live. As long as they were in Aidin they

could help, and in those awful scenes these little men, nearly all between 13 and 17, did what they could to help, until at last they fell themselves.

It is one of the greatest pages in the history of the Boy Scout movement, and in the name of this movement, one of the great hopes of the League of Nations, we deplore the sneer of Mr. A. P. Tully, A.I.A., and repeat the facts that only ignorance can deny.

### CHILDREN'S FUND FOR THE STARVING CITY

Schools and Churches Collect for the C.N. Appeal

THE warm hearts of the readers of the Children's Newspaper have been greatly stirred by the story of the starving children of Vienna; and our Shilling Fund grows with every post.

Five Thousand Shillings were received in the first week-end of our appeal.

Owing to the enormous circulation of the Children's Newspaper, it is necessary to print the paper so far in advance that the subscription list cannot be printed up-to-date, but we print the first list on page two, and another will follow next week. We are not able to print

here any subscriptions later than March 2.

Many schools and churches are organising collections for our fund, and the Editor hopes that all schools will follow their splendid example. Every shilling sent now will help to bring back life to some shrinking, shivering child.

Subscriptions should be addressed to **C.N. Appeal,**

Save the Children Fund,  
McLean Buildings, New Street Square,  
London, E.C. 4.

The first subscription list is given on page 2.

### FALLING FROM SEVEN MILES HIGH MAJOR'S REMARKABLE ADVENTURE

Amazing Flight Over Wilbur  
Wright's Field

### PILOT CRASHES TO EARTH WITH HIS EYES FROZEN

The world has once again received amazing news from Dayton, Ohio, the cradle of human flight.

Twenty years ago the Wright brothers were experimenting there with strange gliding machines, and when, in 1905, it was said that one of them had succeeded in flying for half an hour, and had covered a distance of 24½ miles, people were suspicious and would not at first believe the reports.

Now comes the story of an amazing attempt to reach a height of 40,000 feet. Major R. W. Schroeder, an officer of the American air service, had taken his 400 h.p. machine to the astonishing height of 36,020 feet, the highest yet, when his oxygen failed. What happened he himself tells.

#### How It Felt

"I leaned forward and turned the cock wide open, but no oxygen came.

"Realising that something was wrong, I raised my goggles, which were coated with ice within and without, just to see whether I had fully opened the tank containing my emergency supply. All at once it seemed as though a terrific explosion had taken place inside my head. My eyes hurt terribly. I could not open them. I seemed to be peeping through a crack. There was a tremendous rush of air, and I seemed to be falling.

"I think I must have pulled hard on the stick, because I knew I must straighten out for the glide, and the machine appeared to ride easily. Again I opened my eyes, and saw the Wilbur Wright field; but I could not land, and I was afraid my eyes would fail. I tilted the machine for a climb, intending to make sure of a good attitude and then jump with a parachute, with eyes closed. At that instant McCook's field came in sight. I do not remember landing. I had no sense of fear. I knew only of the pain in my eyes and the awful explosion in my head."

#### Other Heights Reached

Although the major was unsuccessful in his gallant attempt to reach his goal, he has undoubtedly reached a greater height than any other man.

It is said that James Glaisher reached 37,000 feet so long ago as 1862 in a balloon, but this figure cannot be actually accepted, as Glaisher became unconscious at 29,000 feet. In 1875 three Frenchmen reached a height of 27,950 feet in a balloon, but only one came down alive. Two Germans reached between 34,500 and 36,000 feet in 1901, but for the latter part of the journey they were unconscious.



## FRANCE IS YOUNG AGAIN

### ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN, ROOM!

#### New President's Family in the Old Elysée Palace

#### PITTYPAT AND TIPPYTOE

Children—all the world wants children. They are the hope of mankind, the builders of the New Age.

But of all the nations France needs them most, for her population has been falling until soon it will be only half as great as Germany's. And so France, especially, wants children.

What a happy thing it was, therefore, to read that the new President of France, M. Deschanel, could not enter on his official residence because there was no children's room in that old palace, and M. Deschanel insisted on having one.

Think of that old Elysée Palace, with two centuries of history in its walls, but with no place for children there. All the modern Presidents of France have had only grown-up children, if any at all; but now the palace is to ring with the tramp of children's feet, as if Pittypat and Tippytoe had come out of the poetry of Eugene Field.

#### Youth at the Palace

France will be glad now, when her heart is young again, when her great sorrow is behind her and the joy of life before her, to have youth at the Elysée Palace. Gladly it is altering this old place to make room for the charming children whose portraits have already appeared in the Children's Newspaper, and is it not a lovely thought that France, hampered by the burdens of a bitter history, needing children to save her, should be so happily inspired as to set up a Children's Room for the chief man of the nation?

Not in the Palace of the President only, but throughout all France, as, indeed, in every country on the earth, the call that rings most clearly with a tone of bright hope is Room for the Children—room!

'It is so especially in the family life of France. Think of that old palace! What ambitions and schemes and sins it has known; but the laughter and joy and mischief of a family—never!

All day long they come and go—

Pittypat and Tippytoe;

Footprints up and down the hall,

Playthings scattered on the floor,

Finger-marks along the wall,

Tell-tale smudges on the door:

God help those who do not know

Pittypat and Tippytoe.

Now, at last, they have come to the old palace, and have mastered its coldness—it had to be altered to receive them; and France waited on them for the official installation of its President.

It is good for a full home circle to come into the palace—as it has long been installed in this country—and it is good for France as a whole, for it reminds her that her life depends on her children, who will make the France of 20 years hence.

Room for the children, care for the children, make up the secret of her new birth, and, as in a parable, the lesson is taught by the entry of children, at last, into the Elysée Palace.

#### A SWEEP'S READING

A sweep who was being sued about his lease said he had never read anything but the life of Nelson. The judge told him that in future he had better also read his agreements. We wish he would read the C. N.

## TOO MUCH MONEY

### And Too Little Work

#### WHY PRICES ARE HIGH AND WHEN THEY WILL GO DOWN

By Our Expert Correspondent

We often hear it said that prices are high because the Government has substituted currency notes for golden sovereigns. That statement, however, is not very helpful, and is quite misleading.

If money increases in proportion to available commodities, then prices will rise, whether money consists of paper or of gold or silver or any other thing.

This was discovered by Cortes, the Spanish explorer, who, when he captured enormous amounts of treasure, found that the gold would not buy much because there was not much to buy.

#### If Our Money Were Doubled

It is perfectly true that prices rise if the quantity of money increases in relation to the quantity of goods.

That is to say, if the quantity of goods in Britain tomorrow remained the same, and the quantity of money in our pockets doubled, we should have to give twice as much money to get the same quantity of goods.

But if the goods as well as the money doubled in quantity, then prices would remain the same. So we see that price is affected by the relation of the quantity of money to the quantity of goods.

Next, what do we mean by talking about the quantity of money? Some people think the quantity of money at any time is merely the quantity of coins or notes in circulation, but this is not so.

#### What a Cheque Really Is

The larger part of the transactions that take place are paid for, not by passing coins or notes, but by writing cheques. A cheque passes as a money token, created by the man who draws it to pay away money deposited at the bank on which the cheque is drawn. The real money behind the cheque is the deposit at the bankers, the cheque being the instrument of transfer.

We see, therefore, that if we want to know how much money is in the country we have not merely to ask what is the amount of the coins or banknotes, but also what is the amount of deposits at the bank.

The bank deposits have now reached an enormous sum, over £2,300,000,000, whereas the currency notes and coins in circulation amount to about £400,000,000.

It is the great growth of the bank deposits, as well as of the currency, which, put against the quantity of goods purchasable, affects price.

#### A Great Evil of War

What happened in the war was that the supply of goods in the world failed to meet the demand, and therefore prices rose. The Government borrowed enormously to make war purchases, and the bank deposits and currency increased.

If we could increase the quantity of goods available by more production, or if we could obtain greater supplies from abroad through a larger production in the world as a whole, prices would fall, even though the money in use did not decrease. And then, of course, there is profiteering to deal with, profiteering being the charging of high prices by sellers taking advantage of an existing shortage of goods.

## Starving Children's Fund

### First Subscription List

	Shillings
Children's Newspaper Proprietors	500
Bond Street Congl. Church, Leicester	234
A Working Woman	200
Presbyterian Church, Kingstown	182
Arthur Mee	100
Children's Newspaper Editorial Staff	100
Vera Satterley, Putney	100
Alpha, Romford	100
Miss Dix, Dublin	100
Five Little Ones, Carlton	100
C. W. Joy, Ealing	100
Anonymous	100
Cynthia and Douglas, Woodside Park	80
Ada F. Young, Bournemouth	80
Holy Trinity School, Oswaldtwistle	63
Bett	40
C. F. Cairne, Portsmouth	40
C. J. Taylor, Forest Hill	30
"Eagle's Crag"	30
Rev. A. W. Hulton (Collections)	28
A. Stevens, Barrow-in-Furness	27
Mrs. Bishop	22
Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Aureol and Mavis	21
G. A. Wills, Llanelly	21
G. W. Jones, Liverpool	21
Mrs. D. Knight, Littlehampton	20
Ruth Maxwell, Wormit-on-Tay	20
Mrs. F. E. McQueen, Durham	20
A Mother and Father	20
Three Bristol Readers	20
A Sympathiser	20
Anon.	20
S. Bold, Sheffield	20
H. Blackburn, Liverpool	20
E. D., Cobham	20
E. M. Hale (Collected)	20
Mrs. E. Hannan, Walworth	20
Miss Hammon, Weston	20
J. Haslam, Manchester	20
M. James, Wallington	20

14s. each: Boys of Cottenham Rd. School.  
12s. each: Boys of 4th Form, Milltown Sec. School; Children of Primary School, Aberhill.  
10s. each: Lilian Anderson; Anon.; Anon.; Anon.; Boys of Standard V. Council School, Darnall; Cymry; Parsons; Podgers; May Moss; W. E. and Eugenie Spear, "Kaprumici," A Friend.

8s. each: E. and M. Green; Miss Irvine; Clarissa Wiltshire.

7s. each: D. Angold; Rae and Ian Herd.  
6s. each: Miss More; Two Friends; V.I. Standard, Council School, Emsworth.

5s. each: Joan Collis; Mrs. Cook; Desmond Deakin; The Misses Erskine Shaw; Ida Evans; Joyce Faulkner; Sarah A. Green; Edwin Green; Miss Grimes; E. Kenneth; Mallard; Mother, Willie and Frank; S. C. Neale; A. F. and T. Sutcliffe; Mrs. Tealey; Tony; Mrs. Webb; Miss A. Williams.

4s. each: W. Bell; Girls of Standard IV., Council School, Oldham.

3s. each: B. Flint; Unknown.

2s. each: Patricia Anley; Anon.; Anon.; Anon.; M. Burrow; Edward Farr; Frederick Farr; F. M. J.; Douglas Gardner; C. Mary Hargood; Gracie Harrison; Ernest Hawthorn; Mrs. W. E. Lord; Miss Rowell; L. Sheperdwell; Twins; E. M. Wilson; Marjorie Windsor; D. W.

1s. each: Idris Farr; Jack Hayhurst; H. F. Kelly; Avis King; Mollie Mourant; Paddock; A Reader; A. Stace; G. Vandeleur; P. Vandeleur; Arthur Weston; A Reader in New Mills; Mr. J. Slater.

Subscriptions above . . . 3078s.

Still to be acknowledged . . . 2120s.

Grand Total . . . 5198s.

## Cardiff Boy Wins a C.N. Grant

The £10 grant announced in the Children's Newspaper for February 14 has been awarded to E. Byrd, aged 15; and the Four-guinea Atlas has been sent to his school, Howard Gardens Secondary School, Crwys Road, Cardiff.

The ten awards of 10s. each are given to: Mary Ackroyd, aged 14, The Municipal Technical College, Halifax; Vera Begg, aged 12, Bonneville Road Girls' School, Clapham, S.W.; Bernard Casson, aged 16, Wyggeston Grammar School, Leicester; Albert Halliwell, aged 14, Christ Church Higher Elementary School, Southport; Marjorie Mash, aged 16, Dagnall Park School, S. Norwood; James Macadam, aged 14, Hutcheson's Boys' Grammar School, Crown Street, Glasgow; Ida Roddis, aged 13, Vernon Terrace Council School, Northampton; Gwen Willis, aged 12, Queen Elizabeth Girls' Grammar School, Mansfield; Molly Warrington, aged 11, Shiregreen Council School, Sheffield; Kenneth Wood, aged 11, Goodrich Road School, East Dulwich, S.E.

## REFUGEES IN THE STARVING CITY

### What Hungry Austria is Doing for Them

#### 1300 POOR MEN AT DINNER

By Our Special Correspondent in Vienna

We hear so much about the help given to the Austrians that we are apt to overlook how much Austria herself is doing to help her poor.

Today I visited a great institution started to help the fugitives pouring into Vienna from Galicia and Bukovina when these provinces were over-run by the Russian army. Most of the fugitives were Jews, destitute, starving, and ill; and one very clever and energetic Jewish lady, Frau Anita Müller, started an institution for them. Month by month it has grown, and now it is one of the wonders of the city—a sad, tragic wonder.

Alas! most of the refugees are still in Vienna. Few had homes to go back to after the war, and those who did go back found that the Poles were no kinder to Jews than the Russians were. But as food in Vienna has grown harder to procure, and as prices have gone up, the lot of the poor Jews has become full of sadness.

#### Fight with Starvation

Of the things I saw the kitchen interested me most, for there was seen the terrible struggle that the poor in Vienna are undergoing to get food enough to live. I saw them at their dinner. By instalments 1300 poor men and women were being fed, their dinner consisting of soup and beans.

It was not enough, and one saw that almost all the men and women were ill-clad, worn out, and haggard. Bravely as Frau Müller was fighting, it seemed doubtful whether she or Starvation would win the battle. But I think Frau Müller will win, for visiting the institution that same hour was Mrs. Lindley, the wife of the British Ambassador, and when the wife of a British Ambassador visits an institution it means that Great Britain is keeping an eye on it.

Mrs. Lindley has quite won the heart of Vienna, and Frau Müller told me that it was her happiest day since the war when Mrs. Lindley came, for her generous words had taken away the bitterness of defeat. That made me proud of our country.

#### The Emigrants

I had a long talk with Frau Müller, and she told me that one of the saddest things was the case of the consumptive boys and girls. Every few weeks batches of the thinnest and palest children are sent to Holland and Sweden.

There they know that they will find warm clothes and plenty to eat, and it seems to them like going to heaven. But consumptives are not accepted, and these poor boys and girls are left behind to die. It is very pitiful.

After I had seen all there was to see, and heard many touching things, I took my departure. My home was a long way off, and so I asked a passer-by the way to the tram. A little boy stepped up and offered to direct me.

#### The Proud English Boy

When I accepted his offer he said, proudly, "I also am English," and when I inquired "How is that?" he told me that he had been born in Liverpool and was very proud of it, and that his greatest ambition was to get to England some day. He also told me that he had been refused permission to join a party of children going to Holland because he had a weak chest. He wore very shabby clothes, and was evidently under-fed, but he was a bright, cheery, gentlemanly boy, and when I offered him ten kronen—which in Austria are worth ten shillings—he proudly raised his cap and declined.

Would you not like to help children like this boy? R. C. M.



## NATION'S LADDER

### Climbing Up to Higher Things

#### WHAT DARWIN'S GREAT COUSIN DISCOVERED

One of the most hopeful branches of science is the youngest of all, the science of Eugenics, which means, in plain words, the science of making better lives.

It was Sir Francis Galton, the cousin of Darwin, who first began to think that it was worth while to devote a whole lifetime—and to build up a school of scientists who would devote their lifetime—to the working out of laws by which life could be made finer and healthier for us all.

When Sir Francis died a Eugenics Education Society was formed in memory of him, and at its anniversary dinner it fell to Professor Arthur Keith, one of the very first authorities in the world on the human body, to speak of Galton.

#### The Rungs of Life's Ladder

And what Dr. Keith said is abundantly worth remembering, for he told us that Galton discovered the ladder whereby, if a nation were so minded, it could climb to a higher estate of both mind and body. The rungs of that ladder he fashioned out of the laws of heredity—the laws which regulate the transmission of qualities and characters from one generation to another.

#### £10 SCHOOL GRANT For a C.N. Reader

The Editor, receiving many requests for help in the education of bright boys and girls, has decided to make a monthly grant of £10 for a few months.

The grant this month will be awarded for what the Editor thinks the best original sentence, describing the Magazine or the Children's Newspaper, made up from words contained in the headings of articles, stories, or full-page pictures in My Magazine for April. Sentences should be as brief as possible, and in any case not much over 20 words.

All sentences must be sent on post-cards, and the cards must bear the name, age, and school address of the sender.

In addition to the £10 there will be ten awards of 10s. each.

All postcards must be addressed: My Magazine Motto, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, and posted not later than March 25.

In addition to this grant the Editor will send a Four Guinea Atlas of the World before the War for the library of the school to which the winner goes.

Under Nature's conditions, and amid the circumstances of modern life, we try to climb blindly, and we stumble, fall, and suffer. Galton believed the ascent could be made sure, easy, and merciful.

In his earlier days he was, perhaps, inclined to rely upon law, but as his knowledge grew he realised that mere devices invented by statesmen could only affect the stragglers on the ladder—the main mass of the nation would be left untouched. The nation which would raise itself on the ladder must raise itself, not piecemeal, but as a whole.

#### Harvest of the Future

Galton saw that to effect such a desirable change the heart of the people must first be captured, and a social avalanche set in motion. He was convinced that if a knowledge of his ideals, his aims, and his discoveries could be made to sink into the minds of the people, the upward movement would begin.

That could be done only by education—education in the laws which govern the building up of the best qualities of the brain and body. Never was a more generous doctrine preached than the one first championed by Galton, for he sowed in order that future generations might reap a fuller harvest.

## KINEMA STORIES

### New Films to See

#### MARY PICKFORD'S SLUM FRIENDS

By Our Kinematograph Correspondent

Everyone will want to enjoy a romp with Mary Pickford in her delightful new film "The Ragamuffin," in which, as the spoilt and petted granddaughter of a millionaire, she spends a holiday in a New York slum to discover what it feels like to be a little poor girl.

At first she turns up her nose at the kindly slum-folk, but she soon discovers that you have to be a very sad and lonely person if you are too proud to be natural, and in a few days she begins to share in the wonderful games which poor children understand.

Entirely forgetting what a grand person she is, Mary leads her gutter-snipe playmates on all sorts of wild adventures. Then she meets a young inventor who has been unfairly treated by her money-loving grandfather, and when she realises by what cruel means success is sometimes achieved she feels almost ashamed of being so wealthy. Immediately she sets out to secure justice for her new friend. How she does this makes a splendid story.

The scenes in Slumland, with its humour, its sadness, and its great, warm, human spirit shining bravely through all its ugly exteriors, are vividly pictured.

#### Alone in a Forest

How an adventurous American went alone into a forest without tools, food, or even clothes, and supported himself for thirty days, is described in "Back to Nature," an interesting film record of a remarkable exploit.

Bob Carson, the hero of this feat, first made himself a warm cloak of fern-leaves. By rubbing two sticks he kindled a bright fire on which to cook fish caught in the river. Furniture for his woodland home was made from boughs of the trees which gave him fruit for his supper-table. When his friends came to find him, half expecting he might be dead, they were entertained by Bob to a feast of good things and by the antics of an orphan baby bear he had adopted.

That Mother Nature will provide for man as well as for her other animal children is clearly shown in this entertaining picture, which suggests that our cave-dwelling ancestors had not such a bad time after all.

#### Big Jumps

Over 1,300,000 feet of real-life pictures, collected from all parts of the world during 23 years by Charles Urban, a famous kinematographer, form the material of a new film series entitled Movie Chats.

The barriers of time and space seem to have disappeared as the cinema picture leaps from New York to London in five minutes, with momentary pauses to look round on the way.

Jump One—and you are in Mid-Atlantic, watching the ocean rollers surge past the bows; Jump Two—and the gigantic liner is safely at Plymouth, with a swarm of little tenders fussing around her; Jump Three—and you are lolling at ease on the Thames Embankment, with the grey towers of Westminster before your eyes. You feel like a huge grasshopper as you skip round the earth on these miraculous cinema journeys. L. Y.

#### MARY PICKFORD

A four-page photogravure art supplement containing a portrait of Mary Pickford, measuring sixteen inches by ten, is presented free with every copy of this week's PICTURE SHOW now on sale everywhere, price 2d.

## JOHNNY GORILLA

### A Visit to America

#### HOW HIS EDUCATION IS ADVANCING

Johnny Gorilla has been at the London Zoo again and is said to be leaving London for America. We hope he will come back, for his intelligence keeps growing, and he is surely among the greatest living wonders of the world.

This is how some of his latest doings have been described.

"Johnny," said his mistress, "go and open the window."

Johnny at once walked across the room, unlatched the window, and opened it.

"Now shut the window, there's a good boy," said his mistress.

He at once pulled the window down, and when it stuck he pushed it up a little, and then pulled it down and fastened the latch.

Then his mistress told this story.

"One day I pushed him off my lap, because I had a light-coloured frock on, and thought his feet might soil it. He sat on the hearthrug and cried like a child. Then his eye caught a sheet of newspaper on the floor, and he seized it, spread it over my lap, and climbed up, and was quite happy."

## GEORGE WASHINGTON'S DAY

### A Prince of Wales at the Hero's Grave

#### BOY POET WHO BECAME A SCHOOL INSPECTOR

There was a captivating reference to an English boy poet in a speech at a dinner given by the Lord Mayor of London on the anniversary of George Washington's birthday.

The Archbishop of Canterbury mentioned that after Edward VII. had stood by Washington's grave 60 years ago an English schoolboy took part in a verse competition on the scene; and these were among the fine verses the boy wrote, imagining Washington's spirit to be addressing the Prince at his grave:

I CRAVE no pardon, Prince, that led by me  
This land revolted from your father's rod;  
It was not I that set the people free,  
It was not I, but God.

NEITHER can one consent for ever bind  
Parent and offspring: but they shall  
at length

A closer union in disunion find;  
In separation, strength.

Who was the boy poet who wrote that last verse, with its condensed strength and its apparently contradictory thought—for union seldom comes from disunion, or strength from separation, though it has been so with Great Britain and the United States?

The Archbishop did not give his name, but the name of the boy was Frederick W. H. Myers, and he was a scholar in Clifton School, 17 years of age. Later he became an inspector of schools under the English Education Department, and one of the earliest serious students of what is now called Spiritualism.

By the grave of Washington is a chestnut tree King Edward planted on this visit as a sign of final reconciliation between the two branches of the English-speaking race. Whoever mars that friendship is an enemy to all mankind.

#### IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

Queen Anne dessert service	£6944
A shorthorn bull	£6930
15th century MS., 115 leaves	£4725
An English silver-gilt cup	£3200
Two Georgian silver cups	£2879
A shire horse	£2415
Engraving by Valentine Green	£2152
A Queen Anne silver dish	£1033
Twenty-four silver soup plates	£697
Twelve silver forks	£339
A poem of 8 pages by Drayton	£100

## A FABLE BY CABLE

### PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH FROM TASMANIA

#### "Millions of Cormorants Emptying the Rivers"

#### TRUTH UPSIDE DOWN

By Our Natural Historian

Here is a pretty kettle of fish from Tasmania: more kettle than fish, some Tasmanians will say. From the lovely Australasian island state there comes a fluttered story over the cable that cormorants are destroying the trout.

Cormorants in millions, says the cable, are raiding the island rivers and lakes, and streams, "hitherto regarded as the finest trout streams in the world, are now almost empty." Those cormorants!

It is all a queer fable of natural history. Browning said "Let things be—not seem"; and we commend the sentence to Tasmanian telegraphists, for it almost invariably happens that when a story appears in the press declaring that birds are extinguishing some other species of life, the story is absurdly wrong. A little while ago a precisely similar agitation arose against the cormorants on the Australian mainland.

#### Waking Up Late

Huge colonies of the birds haunted good fishing waters in great swamps adjoining the Murray rivers, and then, as now, the birds were said to be responsible for the gradual reduction of the fish.

There is nothing easier to organise than a campaign against birds, and so the cormorants suffered severely; they were shot down in masses, and the flocks reduced to remnants.

But still the fishes declined in number; so our Australian cousins then put on their thinking caps. They found that a great part of the food of cormorants consists of eels, crabs, and other creatures which prey exclusively upon the eggs and young of fish. The destruction of the cormorants allowed these natural enemies of the fish to multiply and murder unchecked. Instead of fewer cormorants, the Australians actually needed more! Nature knows best.

Undoubtedly, the cormorant includes other fish in his diet as well as eels and crabs, but if he rewards himself with a trout he also takes up enemies of the trout which destroy millions of eggs before they can become trout at all.

#### A Fish's Lunch and an Orchard

The whole history of trout and salmon at the Antipodes is a romance. They are all derived from stock carried from the Mother Country across the world to the waters of the southern continent. The cormorants are ancient natives, and the trout are prosperous colonists. It seems incredible that fishes should affect the agriculture of the land, but that, Tasmanian farmers say, is happening.

The trout dote on dragon-flies and snap them up wholesale. Now, every dragon-fly is a veritable hawk among those insects which plague the agriculturist. With the decrease of dragon-flies the other insects have increased out of all bounds, and crops and fruit are suffering severely. A blighted orchard may be the consequence of a trout's luncheon taken in a far distant river! The balance of nature is poised with marvellous fineness. What an upset may follow a new massacre of cormorants!

## THE SPEECH TAX

### One Pound a Word

An old proverb has just been proved true at Willesden, where a man disputed his income-tax, and was summoned for £1. 6s. The man complained that he had not been allowed a rebate.

Collector: You have been allowed a rebate for your wife, and that is all you are entitled to.

The Man: But I've never had a wife.

Collector: Then you owe another £6. So that, if his speech was silver, his silence would truly have been golden. Just six pounds his six words cost him!



## WILL CORTES SLEEP WITH COLUMBUS?

### CONQUEROR OF LONG AGO

#### Reported Discovery of His Body

#### MYSTERY OF THE CENTURIES

Is the tomb of Hernando Cortes found? It is difficult to realise that such a man can ever have been lost, for, besides his almost fabulous deeds, there is that towering picture of him, drawn by Keats:

... stout Cortes, when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,  
Silent upon a peak in Darien.

Keats is wrong, for Balboa, and not Cortes, discovered the Pacific; but Cortes marches as a giant of achievement through history, the man who, 400 years ago, with 500 of his Spaniards, subdued the mighty Mexican empire and made it a colony of Spain.

#### Scene in a Citadel

Cortes went to Mexico, in his own words, "to give light to those that sit in darkness, and also to acquire riches, which all men seek." He was cruel; but his soul revolted against the infamous practices of a race that could build great cities and set up monuments such as those of Mexico.

With only ten men he entered the great courtyard of the citadel, which was 1200 feet square, paved with polished stone and comprising 78 buildings, one of them a temple containing a pyramid of the skulls of 36,000 men and women who had been sacrificed; and there, in the presence of a nation, he smashed the idols and expelled the monsters who officiated as priests.

Like all the old Spanish conquerors, Cortes, when he reached home, fell into disgrace; and Voltaire tells us that, having sought in vain to get a hearing from his sovereign, he thrust himself upon the steps of the royal carriage in the street.

"Who are you?" asked the monarch. "Sire," was the proud answer, "I am a man who has given your Majesty more provinces than you had cities."

#### Conqueror in a Crystal Coffin

He died in obscurity, the greatest captain of the age, but he left money for the establishment of the hospital church of Jesus, Mexico, where his body is said now to have been found. In 1547 he was interred at Seville. Then his body was removed to Texcoco, and in 1629 it was re-interred, with such pomp as the New World had never seen before, at the church of St. Francis in the Mexican capital. At last, in 1794, a tomb was prepared in the church he had founded, and there the conqueror was laid in a coffin of crystal, riveted with silver.

But with the coming of independence the Mexicans determined, in 1823, to burn the remains of the man who had conquered them, and admirers of Cortes removed the crystal casket. They sent the adornments of the tomb to descendants of Cortes, and hid the body.

#### Harried Hero

Since then the secret of his last resting-place has been a mystery, and the subject of ceaseless search. Historians always believed that the harried hero lay somewhere within the walls of the old sanctuary he built, and now we are told that the tomb of marble is still there, with his coffin and funeral wrappings, but that the key to open the sepulchre is in the keeping of a Spanish lady in Paris.

The history of these ashes is akin to that of the remains of Columbus. Dying at Valladolid, in Spain, he was first buried near Seville, then in San Domingo, then in Havana, and, after nearly 400 years of travel, was finally taken to Spain, and laid to rest at Seville. If stout Cortes has at last been re-discovered, he should be finally laid where he first slept, at Seville, this time with Columbus at his side.

## NATURE STORIES

### THE ISLAND WHERE NO RAT CAN LIVE

#### Sad Fate of a Frog Waking up For Spring

#### GROUPS OF ANIMAL FRIENDS

Told by C.N. Readers

We are interested in reading the stories sent about pets, and always welcome letters, but of course we cannot publish more than a selection of incidents from them, as they arrive in numbers that would fill the whole paper. The most delightful feature of our correspondence is that it shows a widespread sympathy with animal life.

#### WHERE RATS CANNOT LIVE

A boy in the Orkney Islands, writing a beautiful hand, says:

On Westray, one of the north islands of Orkney, no rats will live. If taken there they die. It is supposed that the soil of Westray contains some matter fatal to rats.

It is said that a farmer, who lived on another island and was troubled with rats in his pigsty, used some of the soil of Westray to stop up the rat holes and sprinkled some on the floor of the sty, and never saw rats again.

It is only rats that die on Westray; there are mice in abundance.

#### HOW DID THE PIG LIVE?

Arising out of the story of a bantam cock buried under straw for eight days, a Liverpool reader mentions the discovery of a large pig that was accidentally buried under straw in a barn and was found alive a month later.

#### WHAT A GIBRALTAR BOY SEES

A boy living at Gibraltar writes: "I have often noticed here two lizards, one with two tails. They live on a cement gun-emplacement called the Cumberland Flank Battery."

Also, I have seen a fawn-coloured mule with legs like those of the zebra. I have only seen it twice, but I could tell it was strong compared with the other mules. It is something like the half-donkey half-zebra in No. 31 of the Children's Newspaper.

**FROGGIE WAKES FROM HIS LONG SLEEP**  
Here is an incident seen in Sussex last month, and described next day at school.

A frog woke up suddenly from its winter sleep in a shallow dug-out, covered with dirt and leaves, close by a pond.

It tried to get up with a strong pull and to raise its head and body, but its back leg would not move. With a squeak of pain it struggled, and its winter chamber shook and heaved.

Presently a water vole came from its hole, with bright, hard eyes, pointed nose and vicious-looking, sharp teeth, and saw froggie's winter quarters moving with the struggle. Instantly froggie was pulled under, and its spring life ended almost before it had begun.

#### CLAPPING FOR THE GUINEA PIGS

A Farnham lassie who keeps guinea pigs claps her hands at feeding time; and out they come squeaking, knowing the signal quite well. Her cat is quite friendly with them.

#### A BUNCH OF FRIENDS

A Yorkshire lover of animals writes confirming our stories of animal friendships.

An uncle of mine had a nice cat, and one day he brought it a cock-sparrow he had taken out of a trap alive, expecting pussy to kill it. But, instead of that, she looked at it kindly and pawed it gently.

For a time the bird could not fly very well, and they became life-long friends, greatly attached to each other. Dicky would not go into the cage in which he perched at night until the cat went in.

A few years ago I had a chicken whose leg was trapped off half way up, so I brought it home to feed it and keep it out of the way of other animals. In the yard we had a large dog, a beautiful fawn-coloured rabbit, an old cat and a young one half grown. The chicken immedi-

ately made friends with the old cat and pussy with it.

It was a pretty sight to see on the rug, at the same time, the dog, the two cats with bunny always lying between them, and the chicken sitting on the old cat.

#### LAMB THAT COMES TO THE DOOR

From Great Langdale, a valley in the midst of the noble lake mountains of Westmorland, comes this story of a pet lamb.

We found my lamb Billy nearly dead, for his mother had left him, so we brought him beside the fire and gave him warm milk.

He is now a fine lamb, and follows us, wherever we go. He butts at the door till it is opened, and comes into the house. He is very independent, and drives the cats from their milk and drinks it. At night he sleeps in the barn with the dogs.

#### QUEER THINGS ON A FARM

From Epping a reader reports that there is at a farmhouse a white cat with one blue eye and one green eye.

On March 24, 1917, a white mole was caught there, and its skin is still kept.

#### THE STARLINGS' EVENING FLIGHT

A Kentish lassie sends a good account of the flocking of starlings in the winter months.

My father took us to see the flocks of starlings, and I have never seen a more wonderful sight in the bird world.

They were on a gentleman's estate, along a drive with trees and a thick covert of laurel.

Flock joined flock till the sky seemed full of birds, small specks like leaves falling in an autumn gale.

Once they dropped with a whirr to the covert where they roost, but they rose again as if suspecting an enemy. An old stableman said he thought a hawk had been round.

When they were all together, some whirled down to roost, while the others wheeled round; then more dropped to roost, and at last all the rest wheeled and followed them.

We ran down the path to startle them, and they rose with a rush, but soon returned, and all was quiet.

#### RED ADMIRAL AT SCHOOL

Frank Whitehurst, of Bollington Council School, Macclesfield, writes:

On Feb. 5 we had a butterfly hatch out in our school. It was of the Red Admiral type. I suppose it was the recent sun that brought it out.

Our schoolmaster put it in a glass jar, and then put the jar on the pipes, and when it felt the warmth it became active.

I send you this letter because it is unusual to see a Red Admiral so early.

#### DONKEY THAT OPENS DOORS

A Missenden lassie has a donkey that is full of mischief. If he sees a coat laid on the ground he will run off with it, and not be caught.

He can get out of almost any door if he can reach the staple or fastening.

#### THE STOLEN COCONUT

A Northumberland reader sends these notes:

In summer, when we are at breakfast with the window open, a squirrel comes. We put nuts on the window-sill for him. When he has eaten the nuts he comes into the room, looking for more. Then he goes out of the window and runs up the creeper to the nursery, and often gets more breakfast.

Once we hung up a coconut for the birds, and he bit through the string and carried the nut away, and we found it in the fork of a tree-branch next day.

#### A GOAT'S FRIENDSHIP

A Buckinghamshire reader tells this story:

Our goat Peace, born on Armistice Day, has for her playmate the pony, Jack, who is very gentle with her.

When Jack is lying in the orchard Peace will jump on his back. If he is standing up and she can't jump on his back, she will jump on a hen-house, and then spring on his back, and he will trot round till she falls off.

When Jack is harnessed in the trap Peace will run by the side of it three miles to the nearest town.

She will come into the house and sit down by the side of the dining-room fire if she is allowed, and when turned out will jump through the open window.

## THE WEEK IN HISTORY

### WOMAN WHO SCANNED THE SKIES

#### The Noblest Roman of Them All

#### FAMOUS MAN WHO WAS LOST FOR YEARS

March 14. Lake Albert Nyanza discovered . 1864  
15. Sir Henry Bessemer died in London . . 1898  
16. Caroline Herschel born at Hanover . . 1750  
17. Marcus Aurelius died at Pannonia . . . 180  
18. Sir Robert Walpole died at Houghton . . 1745  
19. David Livingstone born at Blantyre . . . 1813  
20. Sir Isaac Newton died at Kensington . . 1727

#### Caroline Herschel

CAROLINE HERSCHEL was one of the quiet women who have done great work, and have never sought or received applause. Had she been living today every newspaper would have sounded her praises; but, being born 170 years ago, she did her duty in solitude, appreciated only by a few.

And this was her duty. At the age of 22 she came over from Hanover, which then was linked with England through our German kings, and assisted her brother William, the great astronomer.

For 50 years she was his assistant, patiently scanning the skies by night, discovering new stars, and trying to be the first to see any comet that was rushing into sight from space.

Of the eight comets that appeared during the time, she was watching she was the first to see five.

When Sir William Herschel died she went back to her native Hanover, and lived there, just a quiet German woman, for 28 more years, dying at the age of 98.

#### Marcus Aurelius

OUR country has been great for about 350 years, but Rome was great for 600 years. She was made great by growing great men, patriots, law-makers, generals, and emperors, and the most perfect man she produced while she was the Mistress of the World was the Emperor Marcus Aurelius.

He was born on April 26, A.D. 121—1799 years ago—but we know him, and the very look of him, as well as we know our King George V. The reasons why we know him are three. First, he was so good an emperor, wise, brave, and merciful, that the world resounded with his praises; and, second, his popularity was such that every town tried to have a statue of him, so many sculptures of him remain. Third, he himself wrote a book of his thoughts, and so we know the inside of his mind.

Anyone may read his "Meditations" today, and may understand from them what the noblest Roman of them all was like. Though he lived in Christian times he was not a Christian. Yet he was like the best in mind and character.

#### David Livingstone

DAVID LIVINGSTONE, the most famous of modern missionaries, was a working-class Scottish boy, who started at the age of ten to work in a cotton factory, and remained a toiling "hand" for 14 years. But all the while he was preparing for the career he had fixed his mind on, and when he was accepted as a missionary he studied medicine.

Sent to South Africa by the London Missionary Society, he worked first in Bechuanaland, a district now almost wholly inhabited by black Christians.

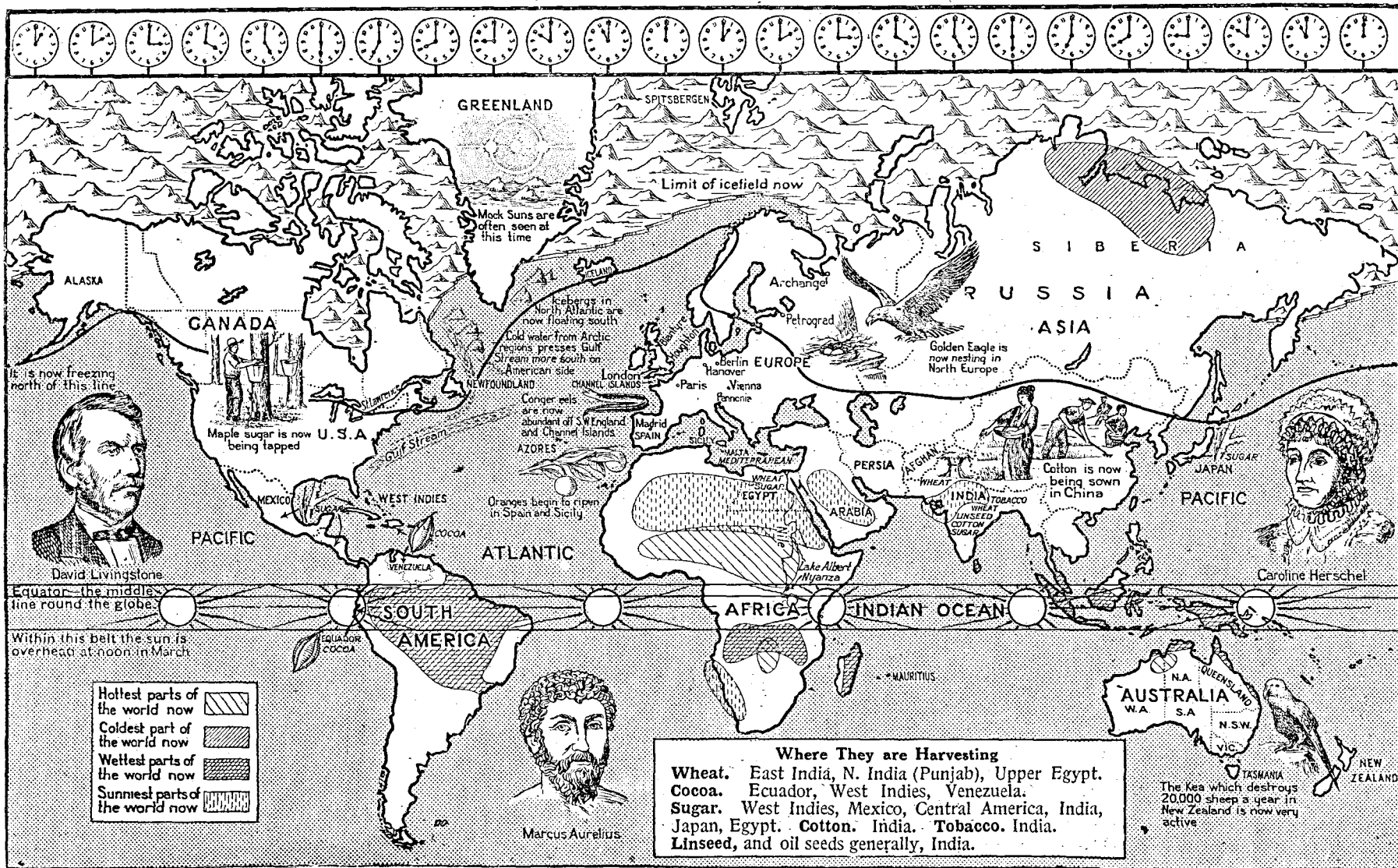
In Africa he found that exploration was needed to prepare the way for missionary labours, and that the slave trade must be stopped. So his later travels were those of an exploring missionary.

Wherever he went he won the loyal devotion of the natives. On his last journey he was lost for years, while trying to test whether certain rivers of the interior fed the Nile or the Congo rivers; and Henry Stanley, the great traveller, found him. But he would not return till his work was done, and he died in Africa on May 1, 1873.

Borne by the faithful hands of his servants to the far-distant coast, his body lies in Westminster Abbey.



## PICTURE-NEWS &amp; TIME MAP OF THE WORLD SHOWING HARVESTS &amp; WEATHER



## THOUGHT THAT FLOWED THROUGH TIME

Town Repents After 150 Years  
DR. JOHNSON'S OLD TREES

We never know when a right thought will flower and grow good fruit. It may last a thousand years, fruiting all the time. One that old Dr. Johnson had has just fulfilled its purpose in 150 years.

The gruff old doctor was generally right in his thoughts, which he flung at people. He was born at Lichfield, and loved it, and was proud of it, and Lichfield is now proud of him.

Once, when he had been back to see it, a man of sixty, he found that the fine trees under which he had gone to school as a boy had been cut down by the corporation, and he went away in honest anger at the thought of the "audacious aldermen." For 150 years that reproach has rankled in the hearts of men at Lichfield, and at last a wise mayor and a councillor have removed the stain by planting six trees in the lane from which the doctor missed them.

THE AFRICAN FLIGHT  
A Gallant Failure

The great flight from end to end of Africa has come to a sudden close.

In spite of enormous difficulties, the aeroplane had flown 2628 miles, as far as Tanganyika, on the borders of Rhodesia, coming down on the top of huge ant-hills and sharp scrub growths, which tore her fabric to shreds. Two of the crew were slightly hurt, but the disaster involved no loss of life.

It has been a great attempt, and it will be followed up until, before many years have passed, some men get through from Cairo to the Cape. The great continent, so largely unknown, still guards its secrets from our prying eyes; but they cannot be long withheld now that explorers have begun their conquests from the air.

## DASHING PAST A HUNGRY LION

Traveller's Thrilling Adventure  
WILD LEAP AT A MOTOR-CAR

From East Africa comes a remarkable story of a motorist being hunted by a hungry lioness.

The driver of the car saw a lioness crouching by the side of the road as he approached, ready for a spring. He was too near to turn and dash off. All he could do was to put on full speed and rush by, and this he tried to do.

The lioness, surprised by the change of pace, did not spring, but let the car pass, and then chased it. Getting alongside, she made her leap. But her calculation was wrong. She had had no practice in springing at motor-cars going at the rate of 40 miles an hour, and she jumped too far, and fell straight in front of the car, which struck her heavily.

The driver, seeing that she was disabled, turned his car round and charged the prostrate lioness a second time, mercifully killing her outright.

She was so large and heavy that he could not lift her on the car for removal, but had to seek help. Now he holds the record as the only man who has used a car as a weapon against wild beasts.

A VERY OLD LADY  
The Circus-Rider of Bath

There has been a fine little tea-party at the British Embassy in Brussels.

It was in honour of the oldest British resident, Mrs. Baldwin, a native of Bath, who used to be a circus-rider and has lived in Brussels 30 years. She looks 80, but is a hundred, and she has just had her first ride in a motor-car.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Bechuanaland	Bech-oo-ah-nah-land
Conemaugh	Kon-ee-maw
Kivu	Kee-vo
Kublai Khan	Koo-bli-Kahn
Leverrier	Lay-ver-ee-yay
Matabele	Mah-tah-bee-lee

## CANADA'S NEW PARLIAMENT HOUSE

## House of Commons Finished

The Canadian Parliament has gone into its new home at Ottawa, its old home, the first Parliament House, having been burnt down three years ago.

The House of Commons, with seating for 320, is already occupied, but the Senate, for 96 members, will not be ready for some time, and the whole building will not be finished for two years.

Ottawa, which is by far the finest city of Canada architecturally and as a place of residence, was proud of its first Parliament House, begun in 1860, for it was a noble pile. The new Parliament repeats the features of the old, except that it is four storeys high instead of three, and the tower is proportionately lofty.

The fire of 1916 burst out with such amazing suddenness that three people were burned to death. It is claimed that the new buildings are fire-proof.

PIRATES YET  
Seizing a British Ship

We think of the days of piracy as belonging only to the rough, romantic past, but they do not. They are here now, in Europe.

Black Sea pirates have attacked a British merchant ship and seized her cargo, even though the British Fleet commands Constantinople by its guns.

The scene of the attack was the northern coast of Asia Minor, midway between the Bosphorus and Trebizond, an entirely Turkish region.

That rank piracy should still be possible in Europe is a further proof of the need for making the seas free for the commerce of the world.

The putting down of piracy has always been shared by honest nations. The last refuges of the plundering corsairs were on the shores of Moslem lands—Algeria and Morocco—and it seems as if piracy will only end when the Moslem peoples cease to have control of any coast.

## WIRELESS SEEN &amp; HEARD

## Remarkable Message from Eiffel Tower

## WRITTEN BEFORE OUR EYES

By Our Marconi House Correspondent

At a meeting of the Wireless Society of London, Mr. Campbell Swinton, F.R.S., has been showing the wonderful properties of wireless apparatus, and has rendered *audible and visible* a message sent from the Eiffel Tower.

First of all, in order to pick up the message, the lecturer used only a short piece of wire wound on a small wooden frame instead of the huge spans of wire which used to be necessary. Then, by means of the peculiar electric lamps, called valves, he magnified the dots and dashes so that they could be heard all over the hall.

At the same time, Mr. Swinton was able to make a special pen actually write down the message on a paper tape shown by a lantern on a screen. The tape passed under the pen, and thus people were enabled actually to see and to hear a message sent from Paris one-930th of the part of a second before.

Surely, if wireless cannot be credited with having annihilated time and space, it has at least made both look small.

The writer has made signals received from the Eiffel Tower so loud that, after leaving the room and walking about 30 yards down a corridor, he could still hear and understand them.

The wonderful thing about all this is that the energy picked up by the receiver is only a tiny fraction of the quantity flung out by the sending-station.

## CHILDREN'S FOOT-PRINTS

Parents in New York who are afraid of losing their children can now take them to the Bureau of Missing Persons, to have records made of their footprints. These have been found better than finger-prints for identifying tiny children who may get lost.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 13 1920

## How to Save Our Country

What all the world wants is Work. If everyone would work a little harder supplies would go up and prices would come down.

*I sat on a Kent hilltop, thinking of the deathless deeds of men not long ago, and in the stillness came a voice. This is what it said. It was Britannia speaking.*

A THOUSAND years I have toiled for you. Before your hills looked down on smiling villages, before your towns were filled with children, I dreamed of you.

I saw the vision of a land where you should dwell with Liberty. I saw the little home-steads and the fields of buttercups-and daisies all around them. I saw you playing on the river-banks. I saw you dancing on the green and gathering roses in the lane. I saw the buildings of your churches, with their towers that point to heaven. I saw the rise of your towns, with the coming and going of their throngs of people.

I saw these islands with peace from end to end, so beautiful, so free, that the Mother of Liberty settled with her children there.

A thousand years I guarded liberty for you. I made your islands strong that none could break them. I stood by Alfred and watched him build his ships. I went with Drake across the sea. When Shakespeare was among us, hardly guessed at, I was there. I stood by Cromwell when he raised your England up on high.

Years do not age and time does not weary Britannia. I lifted up my heart with Nelson; I gave thanks to God at Waterloo.

I sheltered your discoverers; I sustained your heroes; I held up your inventors in their troubled hours. I saw the opening of the Gates of Knowledge in this land where Freedom lives.

I saw you with your love of peace; I was with you when you put your peace away. I saw you baffled and brave, patient in adversity, strong and determined that from all this bitter evil good should come.

I promise you that good shall come. I promise you an everlasting conquest of the powers of darkness, enduring peace and goodwill among men. All this I promise you for one thing you can give me.

Your men have won the War with courage; will you not win the Peace with work? Work, and bring the happy days again. Work, and build up your happy homes. Work, every one at his best, every one a little more efficient than before. Work, and make good all these lost years. Work, and save the world for which your brothers and your fathers died. Work, and the day will come. Work, and I who have sheltered you, guided you, guarded you, will pay you with treasure flowing over.

I, Britannia, promise. A. M.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Things That Matter

A GREAT grown-up paper has found a really urgent thing to talk about. The King has been caught wearing his trousers with a crease at the sides instead of down the centre! Here we are with hundreds of thousands of copies of an article about it, an interview with the tailor, and a picture of the King with his trouser-crease. We wonder what the King thinks of it all. It must be hard to have to be king over some people.

## The Something-for-Nothing Fraud

PEOPLE who do not think are always on the look-out for something which they hope to get for nothing. It cannot be. The everlasting rule is to earn what you get.

Commonsense tells us that people who would not buy £1 notes for twopence in Trafalgar Square the other day were right, though for once they might have been gainers.

Now comes the story that fifty cheques for thirty shillings have been offered in the streets at twopence each, and, forgetting commonsense, people bought them and lost their twopences.

You cannot get something for nothing; and the moral is, Work for your wages.

## The Stuff They Give 'Em

OUR compliments to the National Savings Committee, but what are the babies of Walthamstow to do with the German rifle the Committee has presented to them?

Will it be believed that, an infant school at Walthamstow having distinguished itself in war saving, the National Savings Committee has presented the tiny tots with a captured German rifle! How the little children will be thrilled! How it will inspire them on their way through life! What fun they will have with it if they can only get it loaded—but perhaps the Committee is not equipping them with ammunition?

The League of Nations and Rifles for Babies is at least the most original motto we have seen, but is it not a pity that in these times there should be such dull stupids at the head of things?

## A Lord and His Farms

THEY talk of landlord and tenant, and the impossibility of getting on together; but we have heard of a lord who has had to give up his farms because the taxes are too much for him, and he is such a good landlord, giving his tenants beautiful cottages with electric light, that every man, woman, and child on his estate who can write has signed an appeal begging him not to leave them.

It is no offence to be a lord, it is no offence to be a landlord; what is wanted is that we should all be friends and neighbours, all for each and each for all.

## The War Relics

THEY are finding new uses for war relics. Could not a few of our guns be used to blow up our slums?

## Free Meals

THE London landlord who likes soot, and thinks it good for his tenants, has gone a little farther. Not only is soot good for them, but some people like it, and he once knew a woman of high culture in whose house everything was black!

We think it right to increase our offer to our friend. We promised him a plate of soot soup if he would call for lunch. He can stay for tea and have a round of sooted toast.

## Tip-Cat

ASO-AND-SO paper reports that men are to wear feathers in their hats. The craze for flying has evidently gone to their heads.

AN illuminated address: A lighthouse.

IF a candidate gets in on a split vote, can he support only half measures?

## LINES TO AN OLD ENEMY

AH, is thy rage against me gone?  
In vain thou now repentest!  
Here as I press the bell upon  
The doorstep of the dentist.

A FOOT race: Shoe-blacks.

A LABOUR leader declares that the miners have plenty of grit. And it won't come off in the wash.

FARM tool for musicians:  
The pitchfork.

"SILVER falls back," we see among the headlines. Lucky for those behind.

CRICKETERS are threatening to strike next season. It will not matter so long

as they hit the ball every time.

OFF colour: Salisbury Plain.

BUSINESS is improving. One of the most roaring trades is lion-taming.

## Every Little Helps

WE are promised a good Budget, and everybody will be glad to know that the Chancellor of the Exchequer can make ends meet. If not, as every little helps, we suggest that a tax is put on every clock that shows the wrong time in public.

We saw half-a-dozen wrong in a very short walk the other day, some of them making no pretence at all to be right. Time is much too precious to play with in this way.

## Fifty Singers Driven From Home

By Our Country Girl in Town

Once upon a time, so runs the Ukrainian legend, God gathered all the children of men into His garden, and gave each tribe a gift.

England had Perseverance; France, Eloquence; Germany, Precision; Italy, Fine Arts. And when all the gifts were gone they went out and became rich and powerful countries.

Then, walking in His garden, the Lord found the Ukrainian child crying by itself, and, having no splendid present left, He gave the Ukrainian the gift of song to console it in all the troubles that should befall.

If you are able to hear the Ukrainian National Choir singing its hymns and folk-songs, you will believe the legend. These fifty wonderful people are more like an organ than a choir, for no instruments accompany their words save the deep bass murmurs of the human voice, that sometimes sound as if they were plucked from the strings of a lyre, and sometimes roll away and die like organ notes.

The effects are not only astonishing, but beautiful—two things that do not always go hand in hand.

## The Old Songs

Some of these songs—many date back to the ninth century—are religious, and sing of the Babe of Bethlehem; some are pagan; others are simple songs of daily life; some are ancient carols sung by children under the windows, such as *Shtchedryk*, which, in spite of its hard name, was so pretty that we insisted on having it again.

First of all one voice begins, calling softly like a bird, and then the choir joins in like a chime of Christmas bells. These are some of the old words:

A LITTLE swallow sat on the roof of a house;  
She began to chirp,  
And she called forth the master.  
"Come forth, my lord, come forth!  
Look into the stable—  
The ewes have given birth to lambs,  
Thy kine is very beautiful.  
Thou wilt get much money,  
But money is nothing.  
Thou possessest a pretty wife,  
With dusky eyebrows.  
A little swallow has arrived!

## What Charles Lamb Said

The young Ukrainian Republic has done all it can to foster and endow music, but when the Bolsheviks invaded Romenetz they drove out the National Ukrainian Choir to wander, singing, across the world to England. Their misfortune is our education, for the songs of the Ukrainians teach us what sort of people they are. Were not songs the first form of history?

Is it important that we should understand the distant people of the Ukraine? It seems that if peoples understand each other there would be an end of war, for the saying of Charles Lamb is as true of nations as it is of individuals. When someone asked him, "How can you say you hate Brown? You don't know him!" Lamb replied, "If I knew him I could not hate him."

## Thanks

FOR all that God in mercy sends:  
For health and children, home and friends,  
For comfort in the time of need,  
For every kindly thought and deed,  
For happy thoughts and holy talk,  
For guidance in our daily walk,  
For everything give thanks.

ELLEN ISABELLE TUPPER



## A LOST CAUSE OF THE GREAT WAR TURK TO REMAIN ON HIS GLITTERING THRONE

But All the World May Pass Through His Gate

### DISAPPOINTING DECISION OF THE ALLIES

All over the world the hearts of men have been made sad by the thought that, after all, the Turk may remain on his throne in Constantinople, but one great gain there is for civilisation, the gate of the Dardanelles will never more be locked against the world by Turkey.

It was felt everywhere, all through the war, that one of the great things we were fighting for was the end of Turkish government in Europe. Its record is the record of a savage race, whose instinct of cruelty and war is only thinly veiled by an appearance of civilisation.

The Turk has been for centuries an outrage on humanity, a butcher of innocent peoples, the destroyer of peace and plotter of war. Never has the population of Christian people been safe under Turkish rule; hundreds of thousands of innocents have been massacred, and though the civilised peoples of Europe have been horrified by all this savagery, their governments have been unable to agree owing to the jealousies existing between them before the war.

#### Sad Glory of Gallipoli

When the Great War broke out, and Turkey came in, it was felt that at last the time of reckoning had come. Turkey prolonged the war for years, and for ever the glorious failure of Gallipoli, when 100,000 British troops laid down their lives outside Constantinople, will be among the tragic pages of our history. The consolation for it all was the thought that the Turkish Government was to be turned out of Europe.

But now it has been announced that the Allies have decided to let the Turk remain in Constantinople, but the narrow straits of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, which in the past, whenever the Turks wished, have blocked the sea-going trade of South Europe, will be held on behalf of the whole world.

#### Ocean Gate Open to All

That, at any rate, is a tremendous gain, one of the greatest things the world has bought with the price of Gallipoli. The Turk remains on his glittering throne, but all the world may pass through the ocean gate.

One argument which has greatly prevailed with the Allies is that the Turkish Sultan is regarded as the Caliph of the Mohammedan religion, which has 175,000,000 followers in the East, and it is felt that if the Turks were removed from Constantinople, Mohammedans would feel that we were interfering with their sacred rights.

#### Difficulties of Peace

We do not believe, however, that good Mohammedans love the savage cruelty of the Turks better than liberty and civilisation, and it is actually said that the decision of the Allies has now been regarded as a great victory by Turkey, so that Mohammedans may ever feel that the Allies have not been able to master the Turk after all.

But the Allies, considering all things, have thought it safer to disappoint millions of Christian people everywhere than to stir up fear and anxiety and perhaps hatred among Mohammedans. Once more they have compromised with the great principles for which our men have fought; they have, in the opinion of millions of people, betrayed the great cause for which millions have died—which shows again that war is always easier to make than peace.

## RACING A FLOOD WITH A CROWDED TRAIN

The most famous engine-driver in America, Hiram Free, has gone on his last ride. Every American boy knew of his race with the great flood which swept away the town of Johnstown, in Pennsylvania, thirty years ago, and drowned 3000 people.

A huge dam, 100 feet high and 700 feet long, held up the waters of the river Conemaugh in a reservoir, twelve miles above Johnstown. The railway ran down the deep valley, and then crossed the river by a bridge below the town.

From his engine Hiram Free saw the dam bursting, and a great wall of water, seven yards deep, came rushing down the valley at 20 miles an hour.

Putting on full speed, and sounding his whistle constantly to give the alarm, he dashed down the valley with the waters chasing him and tearing up the

railway track behind him, and his warning flight gave hundreds of people time to escape from the raging flood.

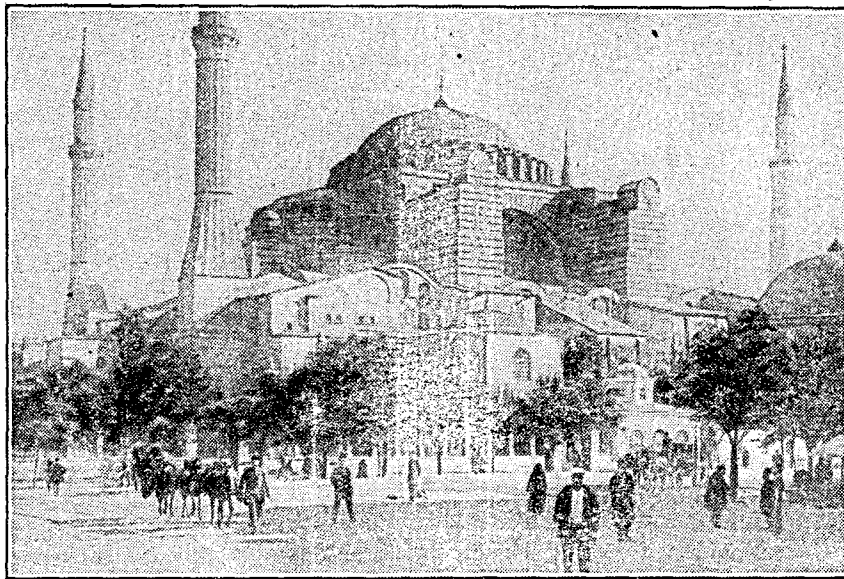
Outrunning the tumbling waters, he passed Johnstown, and crossed the railway bridge below it, shrieking the alarm.

The town was almost entirely destroyed by the waters, as were seven villages lower down the valley, but the railway bridge stood firm, with many acres of wreckage piled above it.

Johnstown has been rebuilt, and now has 50,000 inhabitants, engaged in manufactures similar to those of Sheffield in England and Pittsburgh, 75 miles away.

This terrible accident showed American engineers the strength of embankments needed for holding up great reservoirs of water; but those who love a stirring story remember it best by Hiram Free's race for life.

## CONSTANTINOPLE—THE GATE OF EAST & WEST



The great mosque of San Sophia, which 1400 years ago was built as a Christian church



Turks waiting to hear whether the Allies will allow them to remain in Constantinople

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Sir Auckland Geddes has been appointed British Ambassador to the United States.

Several thousand Russian refugees have arrived in Egypt destitute, and ten thousand more are on their way.

#### Where Mary Stuart Lost Her Crown

Mary, Queen of Scots, lost her crown after the battle of Carberry in 1567 and not after the battle of Pinkie, as stated in these columns recently.

#### What the Country Loses

It is said that vessels which before the war unloaded in three days now cannot unload under three weeks, and the waiting at the docks costs the country £100,000,000 a year.

A great meteorite weighing nearly a fifth of a ton has fallen in France.

The London County Council is teaching boys and girls the violin in one of its schools at threepence a lesson.

#### A Travelling Theatre

The Austrian Government has arranged for a travelling theatre with many leading actors to visit the smaller towns that have no theatre.

#### The Merry Bells

At Painswick, in Gloucestershire, the bells of St. Mary's have been rung since 1686, and on the 12 bells of this church the ringers have recently rung 13,001 changes in 8 hours 45 minutes.

## OCEAN GIVES UP WHAT WAS LOST WHAT POWER GUIDED THESE THINGS?

Curious Stories of the Waves

### THE RUDDER THAT CAME BACK TO SHACKLETON

The coincidences of truth are innumerable, says the Attorney-General, who has been prosecuting in an important trial. His instance was this.

In a certain case an important clue was a glove found on the beach at a seaside resort. The companion glove was missing when the first was found, but four days later it appeared upon the beach. It had been washed out to sea, had drifted four days and nights in the ocean, and was carried back again to the same town, to the same shore, within 500 yards of where the first was discovered.

We may assume that if Sir Ernest Shackleton hears of this he will be struck by the similarity to an experience of his own, which came at the end of the great 800-mile ocean voyage in his little boat after his ship had been smashed to matchwood in the Antarctic ice.

#### The Starving Men's Treasure

He and his five companions neared South Georgia when their food and drink were gone and their strength quite spent. They were visibly dying as they ran for the icy, rock-bound shore, but land they must. As they made for a reef-guarded cove their little boat was stripped of its rudder. The rudder was indispensable, for they would yet have to row farther, but, for the moment, to land and rest was the one thing imperative. And so they landed.

Now thirty feet from where they had landed, at the foot of icy cliffs, was a cave where they could shelter. Near by was a stream of running water, and immediately above was a colony of nesting albatrosses which they could kill for food. Remarkable enough, surely, as a stream of coincidences, but, three days after the landing, back into the ice-burdened cove came the rudder!

With all the broad Atlantic to sail in, and the coasts of two continents to search for a resting place, it came bobbing and bowing back to the men who had lost it, back to the men whose lives depended on its steering their boat on their next journey!

## TRAGIC FIGURE ON A MAST Extraordinary Adventure of a Gibraltar Man

ONE LIFE SAVED IN FIFTY

Gibraltar has received back to its strong heart a Gibraltar man who has such a tale to tell as only happens once in a generation, and surely never twice in the life of one man.

He has been picked off a mast, the sole survivor of a crew of 50 men, after a storm had sent an American steamer to the bottom of the Baltic, and before she broke up so that the mast fell.

Alfred Morasso is his name, and he was mate of the Maroon. The Baltic is a shallow sea, which is all the worse when a gale blows fiercely. The Maroon was swamped and sunk, but the want of depth allowed the mast to remain above water, and Morasso climbed to the top and lashed himself there, while his comrades were swept overboard.

His dangers then were two. First, that the mast would crash down with him lashed to it; and, second, that he would be frozen where he clung.

But the mast held firm, and a vessel, sailing past when the storm had lulled, sighted the mast-bound figure and rescued him, to tell, for many a year, let us hope, a thrilling story to his children on the great rock that sentinels the mouth of the Mediterranean.



## DOOMED AS THE DODO

### WHY THE OSTRICH WILL DIE OUT

Nature's Family That Nothing Now Can Save

### LOSING ITS PLACE IN THE SCHEME OF LIFE

By a Scientific Correspondent

Will the ostrich become extinct? It surely will. Not in our time, but certainly some day, the ostrich will be as extinct as the dodo, that curious flightless pigeon of which everyone has heard, but which nobody living has seen, for the last dodos died out on the Isle of Réunion, near Mauritius, nearly two centuries ago.

They were not killed off by hunters, and there is nothing to show that they were exterminated by any enemies of birds or that they perished through famine. The race of dodos died out because its race was run, and the ostriches will fade away in some future century for the same reason.

### Nature's Clock Moves Forward

It will not be because mankind makes no effort to preserve them; in fact, the prophet who foretells their disappearance is a scientific man, Professor Duerden, now in charge of the ostrich investigations at the Grootfontein School of Agriculture in South Africa, and South Africa, where the ostrich is bred and very carefully looked after because of the value of its feathers, does all it can to cultivate the bird. But no amount of care can turn back the clock of Nature, and Nature seems to have decreed that the time-machine which keeps the race of ostriches going must run down.

How do we know this? The answer is that ostriches have long been showing signs that as a race they are growing old and less able to fight the battle of life. They belong to the class of running birds—like the penguin, or the extinct dodo; and the whole class of these running birds, which are quite different from flying birds, is on the down grade.

### Wings Begin to Go

The fact that they cannot fly is one of the signs of it. Generations ago they lost those parts of their wings which bound the feathers together and enabled them to fly. Then they began to lose other parts of their plumage; then the wings began to diminish; and after that their toes began to disappear.

Among all such birds the ostrich shows most convincingly that it has undergone these losses in the past and will continue to undergo them in the future. It cannot fly, and the wings are hardly any use to it except when turning sharply round. It is losing its feathers, and in spite of its valued ostrich plumes it is more scantily provided with plumage than any living bird. It is getting a bald patch on its head.

### Beginning of the End

It once had five toes, of which the first, second, and fifth have disappeared in the course of ages, and the fourth is going; so that some day it will have only one toe left, the one that used to be the third.

Now this kind of reduction cannot go on for ever. The ostrich is losing its structure; and a day must come when it will have parted with so much of it that it will not be able to go on living. The race will then die out.

There is no way of altering or arresting this gradual decay, because it is not accidental. It is a symptom that the vitality, or life force, of the race of ostriches is dying; and for that there can be no remedy or alteration.

## The Man Who Walked Through Africa

### ADVENTURE OF A MODERN MARCO POLO

### The Amazing Sights He Saw in the Marvellous African Wilds

### WALKING FROM THE CAPE TO THE HOME OF PHARAOH

Marco Polo, the immortal Venetian who set out on his long tramp from Italy to China when he was only 17, and reached the Court of Kublai Khan when he was 21, stands pre-eminent among youthful travellers; but the great aerial exploits in Africa recall the fact that Marco Polo has a modern rival alive in our midst today.

Major Ewart Scott Grogan, who is now a man of 45, marched on foot from end to end of Africa 20 years ago. He had begun his adventures in the Dark Continent at 21, the age at which the Italian appeared before Kublai Khan.

### Alone in the Jungle

Ewart Grogan, after leaving Winchester and Cambridge, reached Africa in 1895, when he had just reached manhood, and, after fighting in the second Matabele War, he set out with a companion to travel the continent on foot from end to end. The 5000 and odd miles took him 15 months of actual travelling; but the journey, from beginning to end, lasted from 1897 to 1900, and, except when he boated along lakes and rivers, the traveller walked the whole way. The aeroplanes are flying from north to south; Major Grogan marched from south to north, the first man in the known history of the world to traverse the continent.

As far as Albert Edward Nyanza, on the equator, Major Grogan had a white comrade, but beyond that he was alone, passing through the domain of the lion and leopard, the elephant, the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and all the plagues arising from poisonous insects. One variety of insects was the Kangre fly, which, he says, resembles our May fly. They are in such enormous swarms that they are mistaken for rain-storms; and when they die they lie in such masses, a foot deep, that the stench from their bodies is intolerable. But the natives make them into cakes and eat them!

### Fight for an Elephant

Ants and mosquitoes were worse than the Kangre flies. They bit our traveller so badly at nights that in the mornings he would rise "feeling perfectly dazed from the amount of poison that had been injected in the night." How do the natives, without mosquito nets, resist such enemies? As a wild boar wallows in the mire

and covers itself with an armour of mud, so the natives encase themselves in a mail of paste formed from ashes and fluid, and they line their huts in the same way.

Many a battle with lions the major had, many an encounter with elephants. One such fight left an elephant lying dead overnight just south of Lake Albert Nyanza. In the morning the traveller went to look for his quarry, and a sight met his eyes such as men must have looked upon in olden days when they slew a mammoth. Naked savages, with long, greased hair, had found the carcass of the elephant, swarmed upon it, and were devouring it raw.

They fought over it like hyenas, "hacking away with knives and spears, yelling, snarling, whooping, wrestling, cursing, munching, covered with blood; the newer arrivals tearing off lumps and eating them," the earlier ones fighting to keep the newcomers off. All became gorged and helpless, like surfeited vultures. In two hours all was finished; the savages had left of the great elephant nothing but its bones.

### Cambridge Man's Triumph

A horrible picture, but not so frightful as that which Mr. Grogan found among the cannibals residing between Lake Kivu and Lake Albert Edward Nyanza, for there, hastening from dawn to sunset, he passed through a land where human beings were being treated by their fellow creatures as his elephant was treated by the savages of Albert Nyanza.

Marco Polo saw many strange sights, but his great march lay among people more civilised than those Mr. Grogan met. Our traveller's adventure was one of the most marvellous in all history. It fired the imagination of Cecil Rhodes, who was then planning the Cape-to-Cairo Railway, and it made him declare that he would not have his railway beaten by the legs of a young Cambridge undergraduate.

We remember Bruce and Livingstone, Mungo Park, Stanley, and the other historic figures of by-gone generations; but we forget this astonishing figure, alive and in his prime today, the man who, fresh from the university, did, merely as a sort of prolonged holiday jaunt, what no other man in the world has ever succeeded in doing.

## FLYING SURVEYS OF THE EARTH

THOUSANDS of young men who have been flying over battlefields with stereoscopic cameras need not lack work if money for map-making were available.

If we divide the world into twenty-one parts it is estimated that only three parts have been exactly mapped out by land surveys. Fourteen parts have been roughly charted, but require years of precise surveying before detailed maps can be drawn, and four parts are still uncharted.

Only one-seventh of the earth's surface has been actually surveyed and mapped, and another seventh is totally unsurveyed and unmapped.

The regions around the Poles, a few patches in Central Asia, much of the interior of Arabia, parts of the Sahara, small areas in Central Africa, a considerable area of the interior of South America—especially the parts between the great rivers—and the interior of Australia, are all awaiting survey.

The other five-sevenths of the globe have been mapped so that trade routes and main features are shown, but the work has not yet been thoroughly done, and awaits completion. There is no doubt that the aeroplane will play a great part in the final charting of the earth.

## HIDING CRIME IN THE POST BOX

### MEN WHO GO ABROAD TO BREAK OUR LAWS

Letters the Post Office Will Not Deliver

### STOPPING A GREAT EVIL

Sweepstakes and lotteries are as illegal in Great Britain as pocket-picking and burglary. They are pure gambling, and the law has now asserted itself and put down the spiders who go abroad and use the post to draw simple and ignorant people into their voracious web.

The plan of a sweepstake is this. A certain horse race is selected, and competitors are invited to contribute, so much per share. Each stake buys a numbered ticket. Before the race a ballot takes place, in which slips of paper, each bearing the name of a horse, are drawn from one receptacle and numbers from another.

### Dishonest Gamblers

A ticket numbered 1000, let us say, is drawn at the same time as a horse called Z, 500 may be drawn with a horse called Y, and so on. When the race is won, the first prize goes to the number drawn with the name of the winning horse, the second prize to the number drawn with the second horse, and the same with the third prize.

If such a scheme is correctly worked, a proportion of all the money from all the competitors goes to three or four men; and, as in all such gambling schemes, the majority get nothing. The balance of the money is left to the promoters. But in scores of cases the plan, bad enough in conception, is dishonestly worked, and the promoters either detamp with the proceeds, arrange for confederates to win the prizes, or at best take nearly all the money for themselves.

### Strong Arm of the Law

Such schemes cannot be worked in England because of the law, but they have been worked, for years, from Switzerland and elsewhere, through the post. They have made our Post Office, as bookmakers still make it, the medium for boldly defying the law of the land.

What the Government has now done is to pounce on letters in the post addressed to these law-breakers in Switzerland, open them, and send back the money to the foolish people who were seeking to compete.

It is a serious thing to allow the Post Office authorities this liberty, but it may, and must, be done in the case of crime.

Sweepstakes, announced by private letters coming through the post, are insidious temptations to weak-minded people to gamble in secret. They appeal to an ignoble passion to grow rich without work. They are fatal to honest labour, and often prove the beginning of a gambling career, leading to ruin.

### More Work to be Done

The letters inviting subscriptions reach the hands of rich and poor alike, and errand boys and servants may steal to get the money for entrance fees; while poor people have often pawned their goods for the same purpose.

The delivery of ordinary business correspondence is nowadays a nightmare of inefficiency and delay, yet the post has been congested with hundreds of thousands of these criminal temptations to law-breaking, and it was high time they were stopped.

Well, the Government has moved at last, and foreign sweepstakes, for the time being, are scotched. Will the Government now have the courage to grapple with another illegality, the use of our post, telegraph, and telephone for the unlawful business of that greater army of parasites, the book-makers?



## BIRD CONCERT

### Queen Bee Goes House Hunting

### BEETLE THAT PADDLES ITS OWN CANOE

By Our Country Correspondent

All our winter migrants are leaving us, and the last of the woodcocks will probably be seen this week. Though abundant in autumn and winter these little birds are not easily found, for they spend their days in thick bushes in woods, and only come out at night with a curious zig-zag flight.

The woodcock's food is principally worms, though it also eats small beetles and other insects which it digs out of the mud, and, in order that its eyes may not be injured or clogged, they are placed well back on the head to keep them out of the way of the mud.

The concert of the countryside is getting louder, and among the more interesting notes we should listen for now are those of the pied wagtail, or Peggy Dishwater, and the tree-creeper. The wagtail is not often heard, but its note is a loud and harsh "chiz-zie," with sometimes a shrill whistle. The tree-creeper is also difficult to hear, and though its note is short it is pleasing—a low "cheep" and a plaintive "syon."

### Floating Frog's Eggs

The frogs are now spawning, and may be heard croaking in the neighbourhood of ponds and ditches. They deposit their eggs on the bottom of ponds, and the little black globular bodies, surrounded by a kind of gelatine, soon have the envelope so swollen up that they rise to the surface, where we see them floating in jelly-like masses.

Among insects we shall probably see the brimstone butterfly, which cannot be mistaken for any other as it is a most distinctive sulphur yellow in colour. It is found in England and Ireland, but does not seem to extend to Scotland.

The wild social bees, which are popularly known as humble-bees, may now be seen and heard on mild days. The name, like the dumble of the dumble-dor, is really an attempt to reproduce the sound of their flight. They are interesting objects of study.

### Wild Bees Wake Up

The queens of one species, the carder bees, for instance, lie torpid in winter in haystacks or hollow tree-trunks. Then in spring they wake up and begin searching for a fit spot for nest-building, and it is while they are on this quest that we see them in March.

After searching and testing the ground by scratching it, the queen at last selects a spot, usually near the roots of a tree. She then gathers some moss or dead leaves, and by drawing this through her legs, somewhat as wool is carded, she makes it fit for building a kind of dome.

She next lines the interior of the dome with wax, and under it makes a series of oval cells, placed, not regularly like those of the hive bee, but at random; and in the cells she lays her eggs.

### Elusive Whirligig Beetle

Whirligig beetles are appearing in ponds, and you should try to catch some, but you will find it difficult. They are little oval creatures with bluish-black bodies that glisten in the sun like burnished metal. They sport about with a whirling motion that has suggested their popular name.

If you make a scoop with your net, you will find that they were quicker than you, and have all disappeared to the bottom of the pond. Presently they return and continue their circular dance. Their legs are very broad and have a fringe of stiff hairs, and with these they paddle on the surface or underneath the water. The forelegs are longer and are used for seizing prey.

In garden, field, hedgerow and orchard, life is developing rapidly. C. R.

## JERUSALEM IN A GREAT STORM

Most of us have wrong ideas about the winter climate of Palestine. Snow falling in Jerusalem strikes us as unusual, but the city stands 2500 feet above-sea level, and snow often falls there in winter.

This year it has received a fall of 39 inches of snow, with drifts of ten to twelve feet, a fall that is equal only to about four inches of rain, though it does enormous damage and breaks the record of the last 80 years.

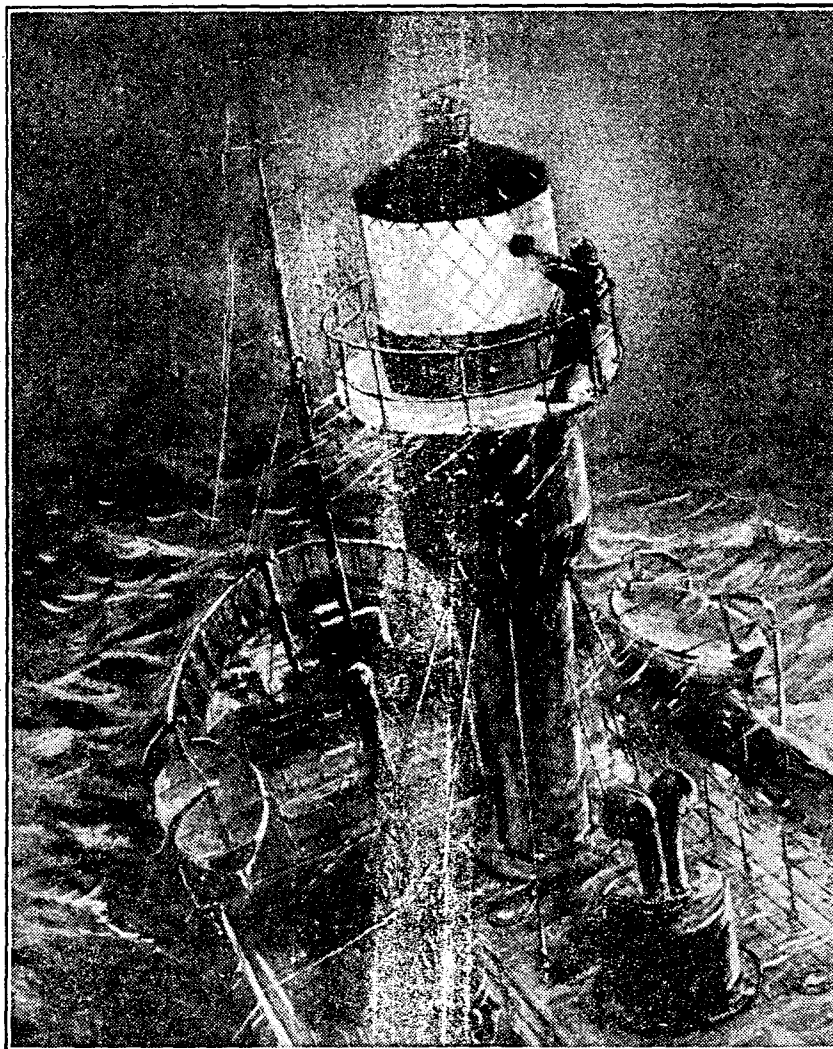
Not only have the snows and the floods that followed their melting done much damage, causing clay-built houses to collapse, but an excited wonder has been passing from neighbour to neighbour throughout the city, for El Butmi, the old Turkish gallows tree outside the Jaffa Gate, though carefully bolstered

up with props and iron rings, has been stripped of all its branches by the heavy snow, and stands a forlorn stump. Now everyone in Jerusalem knows the legend that the Turkish Empire will live as long as this tree.

As the people of Rome believed "when falls the Coliseum Rome shall fall," so the people of Jerusalem have been taught that when falls El Butmi Turkey falls.

And now El Butmi, the tree of hanging—corresponding with old Tyburn Tree outside London—has fallen; and those who love mystery shake wise heads, and point to the exact fulfilment of the old superstition. Turkey, like El Butmi, is stripped to a stump, though its roots are not yet torn up.

## LIGHT THAT MUST SHINE IN THE STORM



In winter the lantern of the lightship is frequently covered with ice. The keeper must risk his life to clean the glass lest the dimming light imperil the lives of those in ships

## NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY



The universe moves to order like a clock. Sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is Nature's time-table next week, given for London from March 14.

### Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	Sunday	Tuesday	Thursday
Sunrise	6.19 a.m.	6.14 a.m.	6.10 a.m.
Sunset	6.1 p.m.	6.4 p.m.	6.8 p.m.
Moonrise	2.55 a.m.	4.2 a.m.	4.55 a.m.
Moonset	11.43 a.m.	1.50 p.m.	4.10 p.m.
High Tide	8.37 p.m.	11.30 p.m.	12.58 p.m.

Next Week's Moon



**Other Worlds.** Jupiter is now very high and almost due South at 9 p.m., and Saturn is to the East of him not quite half-way towards the horizon. Mars can be seen just rising in the East at about 10 p.m.

## ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS

### THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

We propose, week by week, to give a few verses from the Bible in French, for which all readers can find the translation. The following are from the Sermon on the Mount.

14 Vous êtes la lumière du monde. Une ville située sur une montagne ne peut être cachée;

15 Et on n'allume pas une lampe pour la mettre sous le boisseau, mais on la met sur le chandelier, et elle éclaire tous ceux qui sont dans la maison.

16 Que votre lumière luise ainsi devant les hommes, afin qu'ils voient vos bonnes œuvres, et qu'ils glorifient votre Père qui est dans les cieux.

From the Fifth Chapter of Matthew.

### HONEY FOR ALL

It was stated at a meeting of the Essex Agricultural Society that the honey wasted in Essex would give every man, woman, and child in the country half a pound every week during the year.

## FARTHEST PLANET KNOWN

### How Neptune Was Found MARVELLOUS TRIUMPH OF THE HUMAN MIND

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

On March 13 the great far-off world of Neptune will be in what astronomers call *conjunction* with Jupiter; that is to say, these two planets will get into line with the Earth, and, therefore, as seen from our world, will appear to come close together and then pass each other by.

Actually, Neptune is 2700 million miles away, while Jupiter is but 405 millions. Unfortunately, Neptune is so far off that it requires a telescope or very powerful field-glasses to see him at all, but an occasion like this will enable amateurs to find him during the dark nights of next week.

If we look up at the dark patch of sky just south of Jupiter, and nearly twice the Moon's apparent width away, we may see Neptune faintly shining like an eighth magnitude star. His faintness as seen from the earth accounts for his not being discovered until 1846, and then in such remarkable circumstances that the story is one of the most wonderful achievements of human thought.

### World Found by Arithmetic

Until then the great planet Uranus was believed to be the outermost world of the solar system, being 1800 million miles from the Sun; but Uranus was suddenly found to travel faster than usual in one part of its orbit, and got in advance of its calculated place to an extent of about one-sixteenth the apparent width of our moon—not much to worry about, one would think, but it disturbed astronomers greatly for years, and many suspected that it was the attraction of some great world beyond that was hurrying Uranus on.

Now comes the genius of two young men, John Couch Adams in England and Joseph Leverrier in France, each of whom, unknown to the other, set himself by strenuous calculation to find out where the unknown world could be.

For years they worked out their sums, and then they told the astronomers of the world to look at a certain point in the sky at a certain time. The astronomers did so, and there, in the place described by both these men, the new planet Neptune was found—found by arithmetic and geometry!

### Frozen Planet with Liquid Air

This was the great planet that had disturbed Uranus, over 1000 million miles beyond it. It was barely twice the Moon's apparent width from the predicted spot.

The most powerful telescopes showed the newly discovered world to be a greenish globe, and it was found to be 35,000 miles in diameter, large enough to contain 85 worlds the size of ours.

It has since been discovered that this planet weighs very little more than if it were entirely composed of water. Its colour suggests a frozen world, where the rocks are of ice and the seas of liquid air. Were there living beings on Neptune the Sun would appear to them as nothing more than a tiny disc.

G. F. M.

## BRONTOSAURUS FABLE

### A Mocker at Knowledge

There is no truth in the story all the papers gave a month or two ago about a strange animal seen in Africa. It was a joke—the joke of some ignorant fellow who scoffed at knowledge, and thought it clever to deceive the world.

The only fit punishment for such a man is that his name should be sent on the same round to be gibbeted in scorn wherever the toilsome search for knowledge is respected.



# THE UNKNOWN TRAIL

A Tale of Terror and Adventure in the Sunless Depths of the Amazon Forest

Told by  
Edward  
Wright

## What Has Happened Before

A brief synopsis of what has happened appeared in last week's issue.

## CHAPTER 8 The Rescue

THE jaguar was a powerful animal and careful to work in the shadow. Instead of leaping up, it climbed slowly, like a cat approaching a bird, its burning eyes fixed on the white figure of the Queen. Her instinct was to clamber higher, but Ted held her.

"I will fight it," he whispered.

He knew as much about jaguars as he did about tigers. His only idea was to save the girl by sacrificing himself. He moved past her to the point where the branch joined the trunk, and, just as the creature was about a foot away, he struck his iron-shod heel down on the nearest paw.

The beast growled with pain, and tried to lash out with its other paw, but only scratched the leather of Ted's boot. It had already lifted its injured paw, and when its two front paws were in the air its hind legs would not support its weight. It lost its hold on the tree-trunk, and fell to the earth.

Ted and Joy Star then saw on the moonlit grass one of the great dramas of wild life in the forest.

Before the big jaguar could spring back to the tree, the peccaries sensed him, and charged. About half a dozen of the small pigs were killed or maimed, but the great cat was ripped by others.

The little Queen remained silent during the struggle, and so did Ted. They had no desire to attract the attention of the herd that had saved them.

"My men will come," said Joy Star, snuggling between the bough and the trunk, while Ted sat dangling his legs by her side.

At last the Inca spearmen came from the city. They formed a solid line of men, four deep, and on either side of the hedge of spears were archers, with more spearmen protecting them. Some tame pumas were sent out to draw the pigs away from the Queen. Then the pumas raced back with all the herd after them, and the line of spearmen and bowmen formed into an arc and began the struggle.

"Your men kill at a touch," said Ted, looking in amazement at the scene from his place in the tree.

"We fight all wild beasts with poison," said the Queen. "It was a poison arrow that Ollantay used against your father. But my doctor had the antidote!"

In less than half an hour the peccaries were killed. The axemen descended from their shelters, and, helped by the new-comers, continued cutting the road to the Pool of Death.

Meanwhile Joy Star gathered her councillors about her, and proclaimed that Ted would be consecrated as an Inca of the royal family, as a reward for saving her.

"Let us return to the palace, O Queen!" said an aged councillor, "and prepare the ceremony for the new Child of the Sun. There is no need for your sacred Majesty to visit the Pool."

"But I have never seen the Pool of Death!" said the royal girl, stamping her little feet with impatience. "Shall an attack by forest swine frighten the daughter of Huascar? What I have said I will do, I will do!"

A masterful little lady was Joy Star. She urged her men forward, the road was made, and the great procession entered the open country by the terrible waterfall. Beams were cut and pushed under the bogged motor-boat, and the Fly-away was raised and set floating in the Golden River. With wondering

eyes the girl queen looked at the thundering curve of water and the smooth, wide whirlpit. Then she admiringly gazed at Ted Lanaway, who had ridden over the Pool of Death.

"Inca," she said, "you shall take me back to my palace in your boat."

This was the last thing Ted wanted to do. He wanted to reach the rest of the British expedition. As he was preparing an excuse, the war trumpets sounded.

## CHAPTER 9 An Alarm

SOME of the Tupi Red Indians were emerging on the prairie by the waterfall. They had found a tapir track to the open country, and the three companions of Colonel Lanaway—Captain Daish, Commander Cheeseman and Lieutenant Lincer—were coming forward on a survey.

Unfortunately, five Tupis happened to be leading, and the Inca tribesmen felt towards a Tupi as a terrier feels towards a rat. By hundreds they moved towards the tapir path, and their trumpets called to battle. Ted guessed what was happening.

"It's my people," he said to Joy. "They have savage guides that your people do not like. Come with me; or they may all be killed."

Hand in hand the boy and girl raced towards the edge of the upper forest, followed by astonished guards and councillors, and some alarmed, but curious, maids-of-honour. Ted could see the three naval officers coming forward to shield the Tupi Indians. They had pistols ready. Ted shouted to them, but they could not hear him, and he went onward, half sobbing, and dragging Joy in a rough way.

"I cannot save them! I cannot save them!" he cried in English.

"What did you say?" said Joy.

"I cannot get to them in time! They will fight! They will die!"

Joy wrenched herself from his grip, and turned upon him with a radiant smile.

"You foolish boy!" she said. "Why didn't you speak before? I thought you were running with me for play."

She called to the trumpeter among her guards, and told him to sound the order for "no fighting."

Shriller and louder than the ordinary war trumpets rang the direct call from the Queen. The Inca spearmen drew back from the edge of the forest, and Ted walked forward in his strange Inca dress.

"They are coming to parley with us," he heard Daish say. "No parleying with fly-bitten savages like you!" exclaimed Ted. "Come and lunch with us, and hear the great news!"

So, amid more rejoicing, the officers were introduced to Queen Joy Star, with happy Ted acting as interpreter. The Tupis were left by the waterfall, on the work of making a log road through the upper forest for hauling the big launch down to smooth water; and a considerable number of Inca tribesmen remained with them to help, and see that none escaped to the Mamore river with reports of the secret city.

## CHAPTER 10 Manco Reveals Himself

MEANWHILE, petrol and oil were brought down to the small motor-boat, and, with the British officers acting as his crew, Ted prepared to take the queen back to the city.

He asked Joy Star if the river were clear, but she did not know. So he put the boat carefully down the tunnel of foliage, and, with the headlight blazing in the deepening gloom, he worked slowly forward until blocked by a new jam of logs.

Lincer and Cheeseman then gave Joy an astounding surprise. They

jumped on to the logs, put something down, lighted some matches, and returned to the boat, which drew back for some hundreds of yards.

"What is the matter?" said Joy. There was a terrific roar followed by crashings in the trees.

"It is the way we clear the river," said Ted, as he sent the boat forward again. The dynamite explosion had blown away the jam, and the water became clear of fallen timber. Ted, however, continued to go very slowly.

He was the first to see an old Red Indian paddling furiously down the dark river.

"Manco!" he shouted.

"Little master!" came the answer. "Is the Queen with you?"

"Manco, I am here!" replied Joy, standing up in the bows.

Ted brought the boat by the canoe. Manco had to be lifted in, he was so exhausted by his efforts.

"I have saved you!" he panted. "I have saved you!"

"What is the matter?" said Ted.

Manco paid no attention to him; he fell at the feet of the queen and kissed her shoes.

"Ollantay has escaped," he said to Joy. "The troops left in the

in their faces at the scene before them. For Ted began to help Joy in fanning the old man who had been the despised outcast in the exploring party.

"We had better get a move on," said Daish to Lincer. "Can't stay here all day just because this old chap has crawled back half dead."

Before he could start the engine an Inca trumpet sounded.

"They are on us!" cried Joy.

At the end of the blaze of the headlight a swarm of long canoes could be seen. Amid the rowers were spearmen and bowmen. Some of the bowmen were handling their arrows.

Manco jumped up, swung the motor-boat round, and put her at full speed back towards the open prairie. There he brought her up, dived into the water, swam to the bank, called for a trumpeter, and quickly arrayed the loyal forces.

"Going to be a fight?" said Daish. "Can I take the lead?"

"You could if you knew the language, captain," said Ted.

"Meanwhile, Manco has asked me to run the river show. You chaps do the shooting, and I will steer."

He ran the motor-boat back into the forest archway, and waited



"No parleying with fly-bitten savages like you!" exclaimed Ted

city have joined the villain. There was a plot to capture you when you returned by the forest road. I went there to warn you, but could not find you.

"Boy," he said abruptly, turning to Ted, "give me medicine."

Though surprised at being addressed so roughly, Ted brought out a bottle and gave the old man a good dose.

"Don't move an inch till I give the order," said Manco sternly. "I must rest and think."

Joy took her pillows, and placed them so that the half-naked savage could lie on them. She smoothed his seamed face with her hands, and fanned the insects away with a palm-leaf.

"How did you come to know Manco?" whispered Ted.

"He is our Uillac Uma," said the Queen. "He is my uncle, and governs in my name."

Uillac Uma means in Inca speech the Head that Counsels. Ted began to wonder how it came about that the real ruler of the Incas had exposed his life by adventuring alone, and in humble disguise, into the river port of the Amazons. Still less could he understand why so great a man should join the expedition as a boatman, and help to discover his own secret city.

Daish, Cheeseman, and Lincer stared with something like disgust

until the rebel canoes sighted him. Then he worked the boat out once more, going slowly as if in difficulties. After him raced the rebels, and some of them began letting their arrows fly.

"Don't fire!" said Ted to his officers.

Not one royal soldier could be seen as the war canoes came out into the clearing below the Pool of Death. The rebels, thinking that they had the boat and the Britons at their mercy, shrieked in triumph. Ted turned the boat around. An arrow whizzed over his head, carrying away his cap.

TO BE CONTINUED

## THE GARDEN NEXT WEEK

Sow the main crop of leeks, Brussels sprouts, savoys, broccoli, borecole, and carrots. Sow asparagus in drills 18 inches apart.

New plantations may be made, and permanent beds should be laid out four feet wide with two feet between.

After the plants become visible mulch the surface of the bed with three inches of manure.

In dry weather re-arrange herbaceous borders, and divide plants where necessary. Helianthus, chrysanthemums, and other autumn flowering plants, should receive due attention.

## Five-Minute Story

### THE BLUE PLATE

OLD Ann was poorer than a church mouse, for mice can nibble wood, but poor Ann could hardly eat her furniture!

She was too rheumatically to go out charring, too blind to sew, and too proud for the workhouse.

Her little cottage at the end of the lane was damp and tumble-down, but when the rent was paid she had very few shillings left for food and coal and clothes, for she had nothing but her old age pension.

She picked up wood from the lanes for her fire; mended her old clothes as industriously as her old eyes would allow, and lived principally on a dish made of bread soaked in hot water with pepper and salt.

There was nothing in the cottage but a bed, an armchair, some pots and pans, a small deal table, and an old oak corner-cupboard.

The cupboard was precious to Ann, for it had belonged to her mother, and still contained one old blue plate—a piece of china that Ann had washed and dried and polished carefully ever since she was a tiny child.

On gala days she ate her dinner off it, but she always regretted it was not flowery and gaudily gilt-edged, like one she had seen at her neighbour's.

One day, when Ann was a little colder and more dismal than usual, for the rain fell so heavily she could not go out for fresh wood, a stranger came to her door. He was in trouble with his bicycle, and asked Ann for shelter while he put things right; and because he was wet, and the old woman loved to be hospitable even in her poverty, she made him a cup of tea.

And while he was drinking it he saw the old blue plate in the corner cupboard, and his eyes glistened.

"That's a fine plate."

"Ay, sir; you're welcome to it if you like it, I'm sure." Ann was of the old school, and if a guest admired one of her possessions, she considered it her duty to offer it to him.

The stranger glanced at her shrewdly—an old half-blind woman without a friend in the world, who certainly had no idea that her cupboard held a treasure.

If he offered her five shillings for it she would accept it gladly, and never would be any the wiser.

But he was a just man, as well as one of the keenest collectors of china in England, and he said, "I'll give you fifty pounds for it."

"Fifty pounds!" Simple Ann nearly fainted, but the stranger kindly explained to her all the nice things she could do with so much money, and the safest way to keep it.

So the little blue plate was carried away, and now lies in a glass-case, and Ann sits before a comfortable fire, and is thankful she was made to wash the china carefully when she was "a little wench."





# There is a Silver Lining To Every Dark Cloud



## DR MERRYMAN

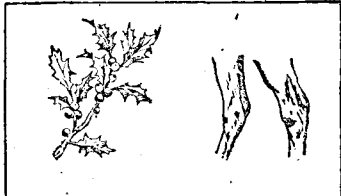
"I AM a self-made man," said the pompous individual, with his chest expanded. The other looked at him critically. "Your excuse is satisfactory," he said.

Can you make up Another?

THIS sentence contains all the 26 letters of the alphabet. Can you make another?

"XLV gruff nymphs jerk XLV jaws," quoth wag B. Dick, Q.C., to Ben Dizzy, M.P.

What Plant is This?



This picture represents the name of a well-known British plant. Do you know what it is? Answer next week

How to Catch a Rabbit

What is the best way to catch a rabbit?

Stoop down behind a bush and make a noise like a turnip.

The Puzzle of the Four Rooms

THERE are 20 people living in a four-roomed house, and they are divided among the rooms as shown in the diagram.

5	6
5	4

Each person buys a present costing 1s. for each of the others in his own room.

The total cost of the presents in the two rooms containing five persons each is two shillings less than the total cost of presents bought in the other two rooms, despite the fact that each total represents presents bought for ten people. Can you explain this?

Solution next week

Is Your Name Foyle?

THE surname Foyle is derived from the French word fouille, meaning an excavation. Probably some ancestor of yours lived near a place where digging operations were going on, and from being spoken of as "the man at the fouille," he or his children at last received the surname of Fouille, which slowly changed to Foyle.

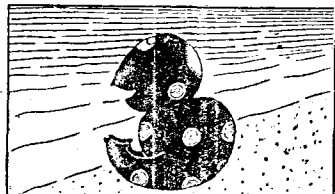
How Old Are They?

PEGGY's father said to her the other day:

"I was twice as old as you are The day that you were born; You will be just what I was then When fourteen years are gone."

How old are Peggy and her father now? Answer next week

The Zoo That Never Was



The Scuttle-Scoot

WHEN no one's nigh, the scuttle-scoot

Upon the sea-shore rolls. He'd make a useful substitute If we ran short of coals!

Our English Weather

"HAIL! gentle spring," the poet wrote.

That fellow was a wizard, For 'ere he'd written what we quote Spring answered with a blizzard.

"WHEN I bought this dog you said he was splendid for rats. Why, he won't even touch them!" said Mr. Jones indignantly. "Well, isn't that splendid for rats?" replied the dog dealer.

Singular and Plural

REMEMBER, though box in the plural is boxes, The plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes; And remember, though fleece in the plural is fleeces, The plural of goose is not geeses, nor geeses; And remember, though house in the plural is houses, The plural of mouse should be mice, and not mouses. Mouse, it is true, in the plural is mice; But the plural of house should be houses, not hices. And foot, it is true, in the plural is feet; But the plural of root should be roots, and not reet.

Do You Live in Derbyshire?

DERBYSHIRE is the shire, or county, of Derby, a word that means Beast's dwelling. It comes from an old English word for a beast, and no doubt at one time this part of the country was the haunt of wild animals.

A Little French Made Easy



Le revolver La mûre Le panier



Le peigne La carte de visite La jambe

Attention! ce revolver est chargé On cueille les mûres en automne Le panier de Marie est vide

Marie achète ce beau peigne M. Wright a cent cartes de visite C'est la jambe droite du garçon

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What am I? An umbrella.

Can you arrange the letters? Anti-Sabbatarians.

An Easy One Two-Pence-half-penny.

## NOTES AND QUERIES

What does Ca' Canny mean? Ca' canny is Scandinavian for drive gently, and means proceed with caution. In industry it is used for the policy of getting the worker to work slowly.

What is a Round Robin? A round robin is a petition signed by a number of people. Originally the names were written in a circle to avoid prominence being given to any one name, hence the "round."

What is Kudos? Kudos is a Greek word meaning glory, and is used as a slang expression for glory or renown.

What is Specific Gravity? Specific gravity is the weight of a substance compared with an equal quantity of water; thus, if it weighs four times as much its specific gravity is 4.

## Jacko Turns Over a New Leaf

JACKO was such a lad for getting into hot water that he thought, for once in his life, he would try to be really helpful.

He had a birthday coming along, and that might have had something to do with it. At any rate, what happened was this.

One fine spring morning he woke up and found a man looking at him through his bedroom window. He rubbed his eyes, and suddenly remembered that the painter was to come that day.



Mrs. Jacko returned at the critical moment

"He's early enough," remarked Jacko; and with that he hopped out of bed, put his head under the bath tap, and was soon dressed and downstairs. But when he ran out of the house, and looked up at the ladder, the painter man had disappeared.

"Yes," said Mother Jacko at breakfast. "That's what they do. Begin a job and then go off and leave it!"

"Oh, come, my dear!" said Father Jacko, cracking his egg cheerfully. "The man's only gone to his breakfast; he'll be back directly."

But he wasn't; he hadn't arrived by the time Mother Jacko came down ready for shopping.

"You won't see him again till Saturday," she declared. "And then he'll only come for his money."

As Jacko stood with his hands in his pockets gazing up at the empty ladder, he noticed on the window-ledge a pot of nice red paint and a brush. A brilliant idea came to him. Here was the very opportunity he wanted. He would finish the lazy man's job, and everybody would be so pleased with him that when his birthday came there would be no excuse for forgetting it.

Up he sprang. He seized the brush, and then—splash! dab! It was fun.

"I won't be a pirate—I'll be a painter!" he cried. And, forgetting his perilous position, he leaned back to get a good view of his work.

For a moment two arms and a leg waved merrily in the air; then, with a yell, he lost his balance, and fell!

He hadn't far to fall, but unfortunately his Mother returned just at the critical moment, and received the paint full in her face! To make matters worse, Jacko followed the pot, bumped into her, and sent her sprawling!

It was a frightful mess-up, as Jacko admitted, and for days the poor woman went about with a bright red patch under her eye. It was pale pink by the time Jacko's birthday came round, but, alas! it was still plain enough for all the family to see.

## A Picture Lesson in Geography



What English villages do these pictures represent? Solutions next week.

Who Was She?

## The Wonderful Maid

A WAY in a quiet little hamlet on the Continent of Europe, just over 500 years ago, lived a little maiden who was noted for her devotion to the religion of her fathers. It was a time when the people needed faith and hope, for the land was rent by anarchy and the foreigner held sway almost everywhere.

The little girl longed to see her country free, and at last she came to believe that she had received a divine command to take up the sword.

One day, with her friends, she had to flee for her life, for the enemy was descending on the village; and when, hours afterwards, the poor people returned, they found their homes pillaged and their church burnt.

"Now," thought the girl, "I must do something," and she went off to a great general, and told him of the visions she had had, and of her great commission. But the general was contemptuous, and would not listen.

Later on she tried once more, and now, things having gone from bad to worse, the general furnished her with a horse and escort, and sent her to the heir to the throne, who gave her the rank of a military commander and a suit of armour.

The last great city remaining to the prince was besieged by the enemy, and its condition was so desperate that there seemed no hope of salvation; it must fall. Yet this young girl, with no military experience, led an army against the foe and defeated him.

Other victories followed, and by the brilliant efforts of this girl the prince was at last able to be crowned king of his country. Ever since the girl has been known as the wonderful maiden.

More than once she was wounded, but nothing could damp her ardour or stop her efforts. Everywhere she was in the forefront risking her life, and one day she was captured.

And now came one of the darkest passages in all history. Her foes showed their hatred of her for defeating them, and determined to destroy her, while her own countrymen, whom she had delivered, and even the craven king to whom she had given crown and throne, forsook her.

She was tried as a witch, the bishops assisting, and was condemned to be burnt to death, a horrible sentence that was carried out while the cruel judges stood by watching the execution.

Time has passed, and now she is honoured all over the world as one of the bravest of the brave. Here is her portrait. Who was she?

Last week's name—Euripides





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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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## TENNIS IN FULL SWING · EDISON AT 73 · AFRICAN CHIEF OUT FOR A WALK



Mr. Julian Huxley, whose experiments in quickening up the life of tadpoles were described last week



An exciting moment in the Eton steeplechase—Junior boys of the famous college struggling through a stream



Joseph Boncker, a gallant member of the Boys' Brigade, awarded the Royal Humane medal for saving a girl from drowning



Edison with his family on his 73rd birthday—Plenty of work and no alcohol is his recipe for good health and old age



A tennis party in Africa—These players are very proud of their sun-bonnets, which they regard as regulation tennis costume for dusky ladies



The death of Minnehaha, from a Hiawatha play admirably performed by the children of a Stoke Newington school



A new aeroplane toy—This gun fires little aeroplanes into the air, one after another, like arrows from a bow



One of the new baby bears at the London Zoo—Four were born and three are living



Solving the fuel problem in Ireland—Dublin children carry peat from the railway station to their homes



New use for war relics—Clearing the snow in New York streets with the help of flame-throwers used in the War



An African chief, 60 years old, taking his sons for a walk. The chief, who is a dwarf, is very proud of his clothes, which include slippers, cuffs, without a shirt, and an English waistcoat. This picture is reproduced by courtesy of Mr. R. S. Pooley, of Upobo, Nigeria



An exciting race at the winter sports in Switzerland—The ski-runner is drawn over the snow by a galloping horse, and the greatest nerve and skill are required to prevent an accident